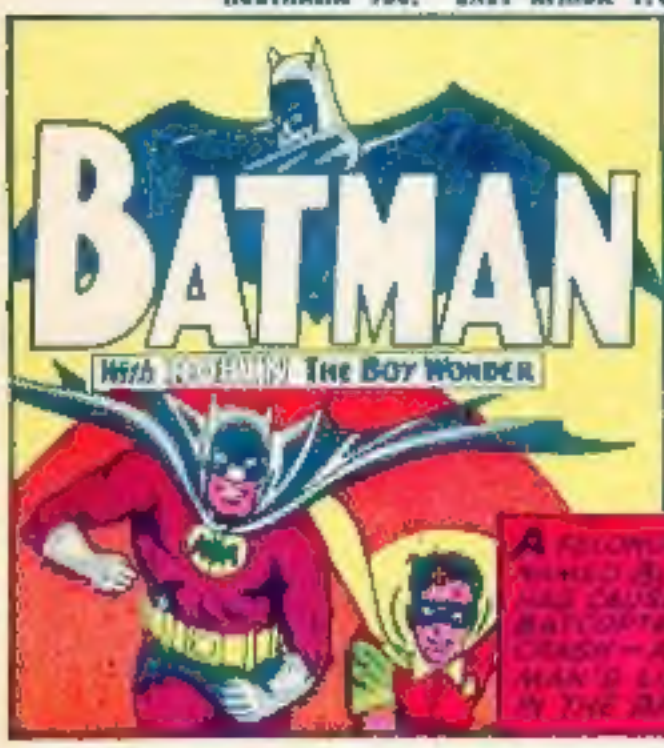
PICK ME UP—FOR A *POWER* PICK-ME-UP!

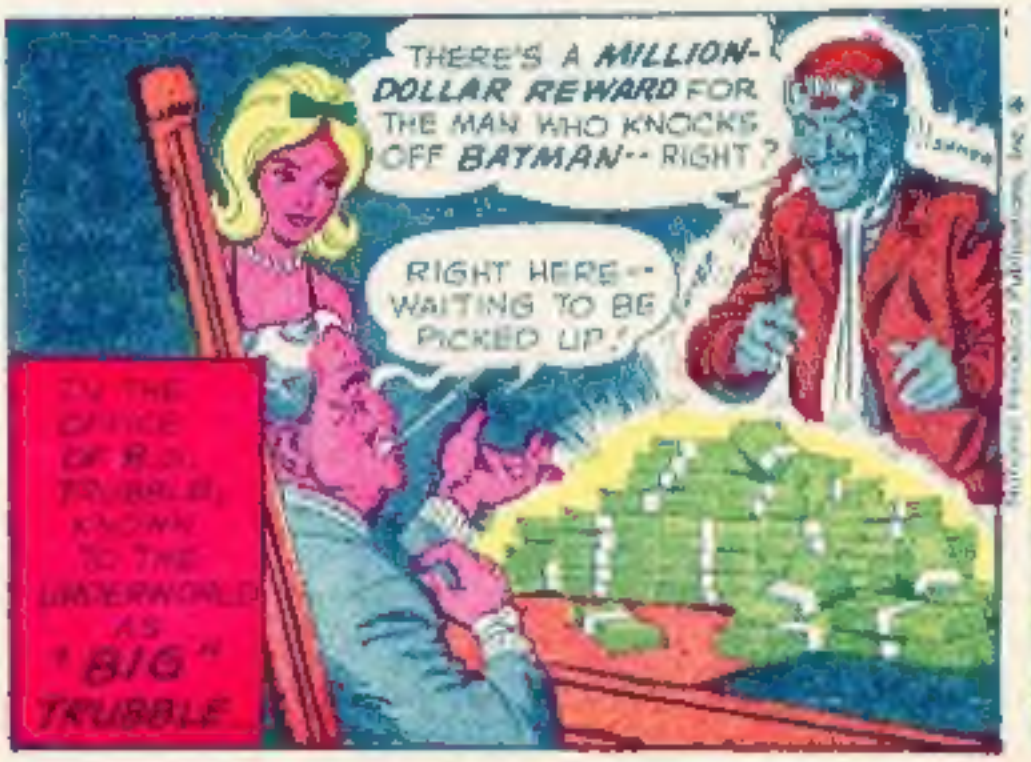
A POWER COMIC

SMASH!

No. 97
9th DEC. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)



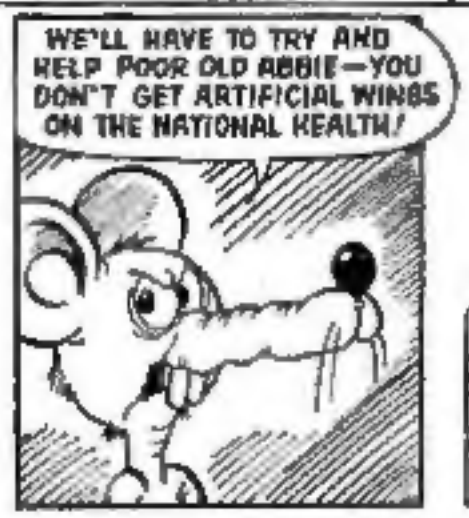


© Odhams Press, Ltd., England, 1967

BMANT printed in Great Britain by Southernprint Limited, Brackenne, Poole, Dorset, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A'sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland, 13 months 45/4; abroad (excluding Canada), 13 months 38/-; Dollar Rate for U.S.A. $6; Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
CONDITIONS OF SALE: this periodical shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers, be lent, resold or hired out at more than the recommended selling price as shown on the cover, or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover by way of trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Percy's Pets

BOO! HOO! HOO! I CAN'T FLY ANY MORE—MY POOR OLD WINGS ARE ALL WRINKLES AND CRACKS!
OLD FOLKS HIVE

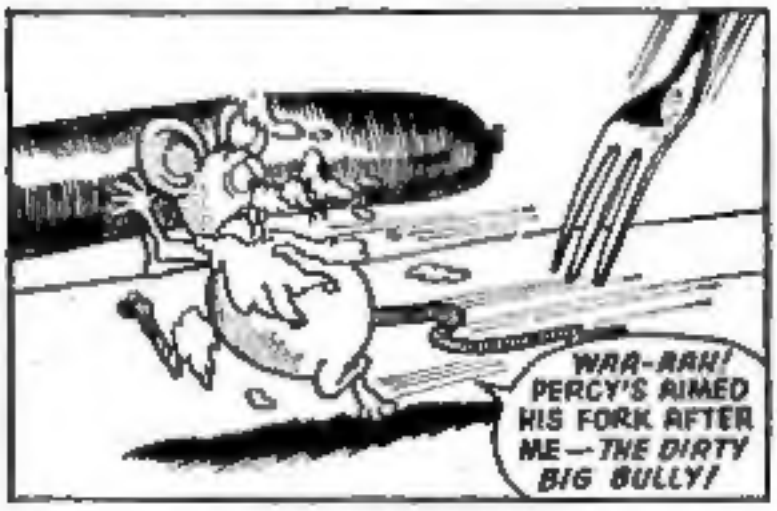

WE'LL HAVE TO TRY AND HELP POOR OLD ABBIE—YOU DON'T GET ARTIFICIAL WINGS ON THE NATIONAL HEALTH!

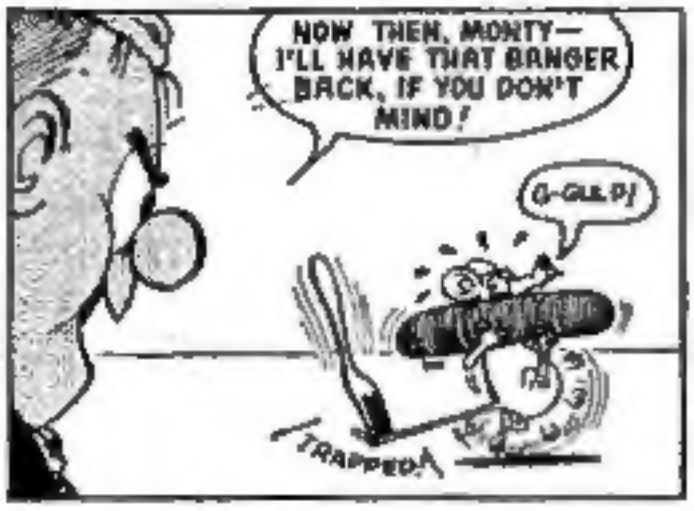
OH, BOY! BANGERS AND MASH—MUM SURE KNOWS HOW TO FEED A LAD!

?
?
THANK GOODNESS IT'S MASHED SPUDS—IT'LL BE A NICE SOFT LANDING!

SPLUDGE!
ARGH! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEAP THAT AIN'T A BLINKING SWIMMING POOL!

RIEE! SO THAT'S HIS GAME! HE'S PINCHED ONE OF ME BANGERS—COME BACK, YOU THIEF!
I ENJOYED THAT! MUCH MORE FUN THAN WATER! HEH! HEH!


WAA-AAH! PERCY'S AIMED HIS FORK AFTER ME—THE DIRTY BIG BULLY!

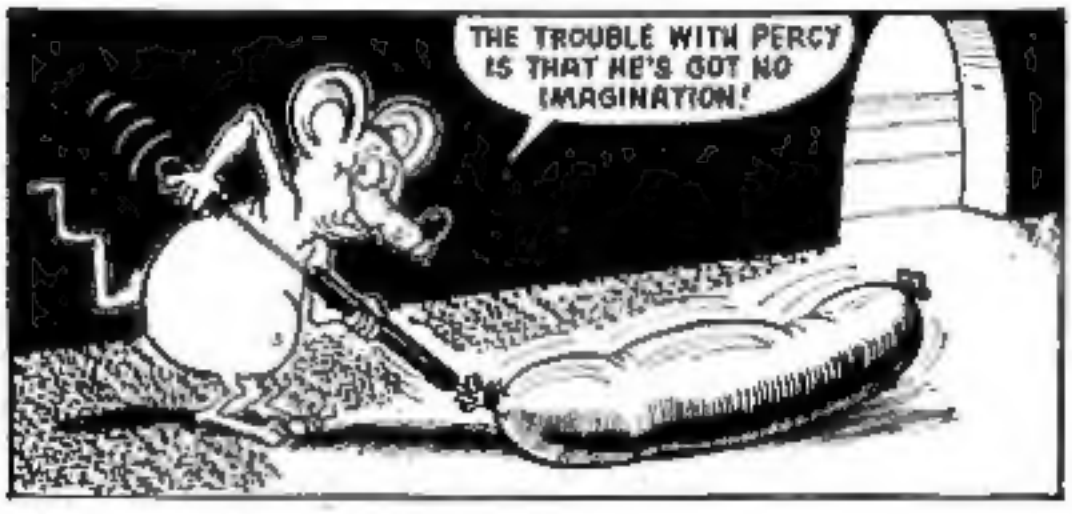

NOW THEN, MONTY—I'LL HAVE THAT BANGER BACK, IF YOU DON'T MIND!
G-GULP!
TRAPPED!

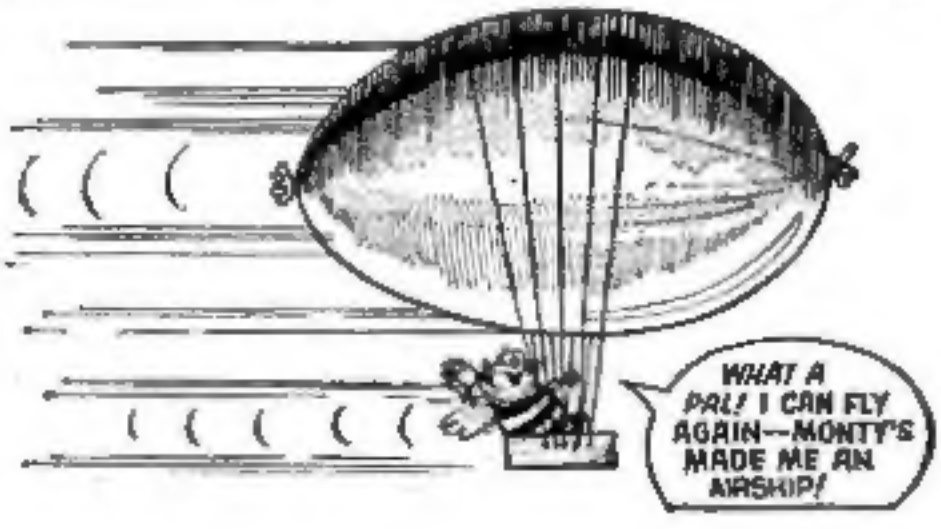
HEH! HEH! YOU CAN KAVE THE MEAT! IT'S ONLY THE SKIN WE WANT!
WAA-AAH!

HELP! WHERE AM I? WHERE ARE YOU, YOU TWERP?

YEOW! GOOD OLD PERCY—HE'S SET ME FREE!
BASH!

YAHOO! I'M FREE! I'M FREE!
BAH! HE CAN HAVE IT—IT BEATS ME WHAT HE WANTS WITH THE SKIN THOUGH!
ZOOM


THE TROUBLE WITH PERCY IS THAT HE'S GOT NO IMAGINATION!


WHAT A PAL! I CAN FLY AGAIN—MONTY'S MADE ME AN AIRSHIP!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967

OOH! OOH! IT'S AGONY I HAVEN'T HAD A SWEET ALL DAY– DAD'S STOPPED MY POCKET-MONEY!

WOULDN'T YOU STOP HER POCKET MONEY IF SHE PUT DANDRUFF IN YOUR PORRIDGE?

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN BAG SOME SWEETS, MONTY!

ANY THING YOU SAY, PAL!

OH, OH! VICTIM NUMBER ONE COMING UP...

SLOOP! SLURP! SLOOP!

AAGH! A SNATCH AND GRAB!

SNATCH!

AND NUMBER TWO...

HEY! HEH! HERE SHERBET FIZZ NOW!

HEY!

BLOW!

AND THREE...

COO! A LUMP! I'LL FLATTEN IT!

???

THUMP!

SMASHING! IT'S HARDLY CHEWED!

WAA-AH! MY GOBSTOPPER!

SOON...

HEH! HEH! WELL DONE, MONTY–THIS LOT SHOULD LAST US A COUPLE OF DAYS!

IT WAS TOO EASY! SIGH!

WAA-AAH! STOP THIEF! IT WAS YOUR MOUSE!

COO! WHAT A LOT– THEY GIVE YOU SWEETS, THEN WANT THEM BACK!

I RECKON WE CAN SPARE A FEW GOB-STOPPERS EH, MONTY?

NOT TOO MANY THOUGH! SNIGGER!

AAGH! SHE TRICKED US!

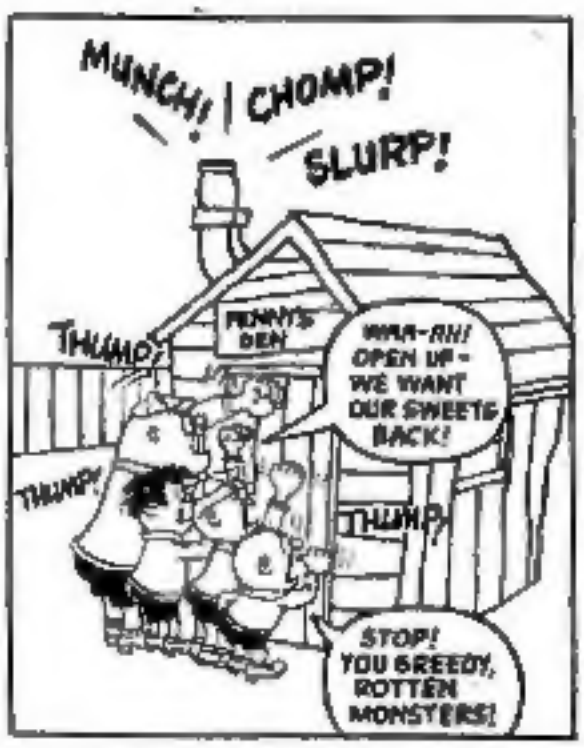
HEH! HEH! RIGHT ON THE BALL! SNIGGER!

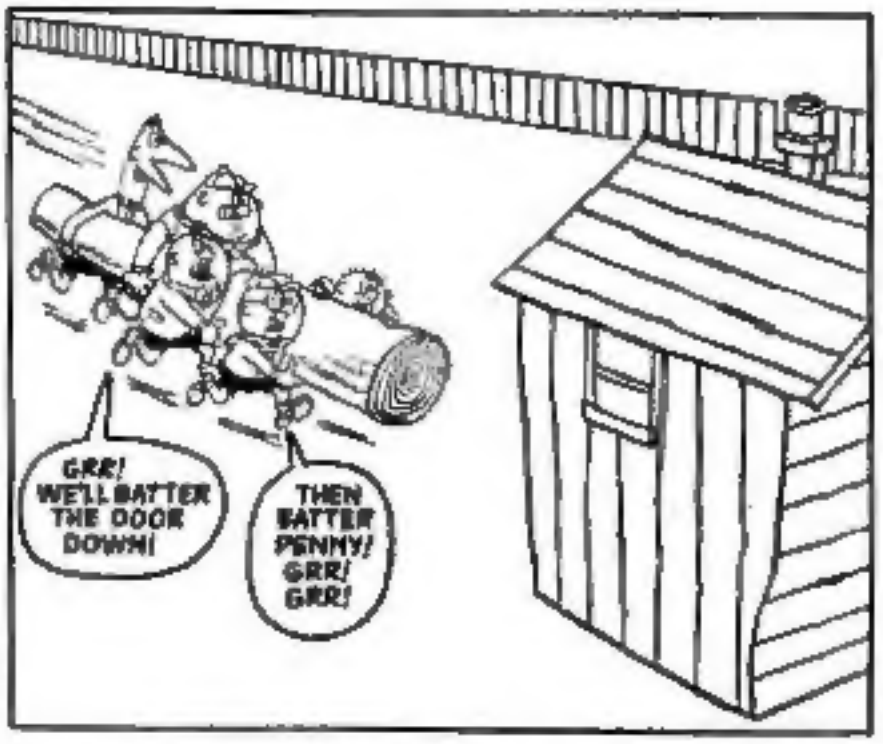
HELP! MUMMY! HELP!

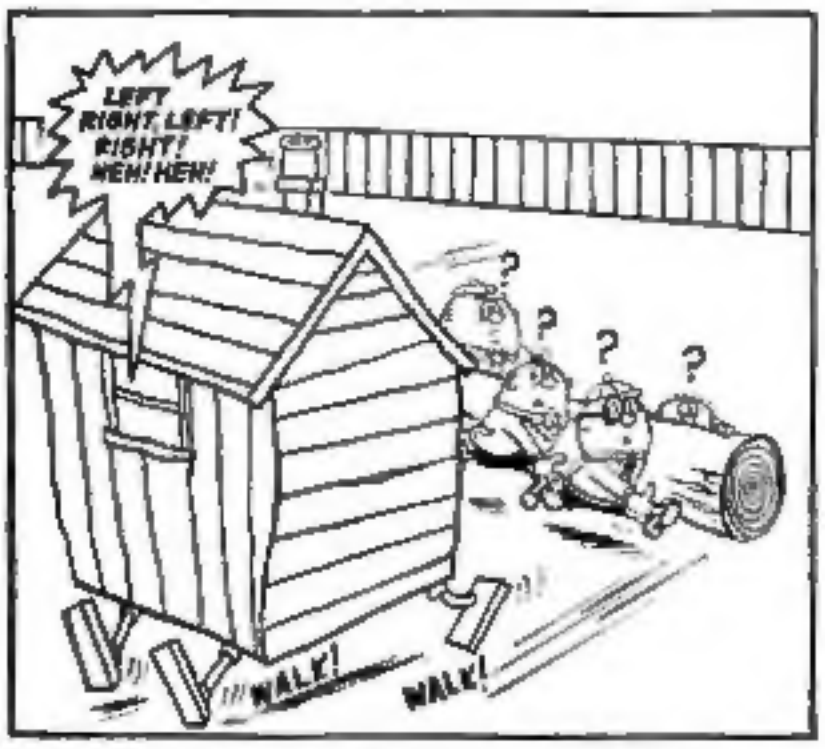
SLIP!

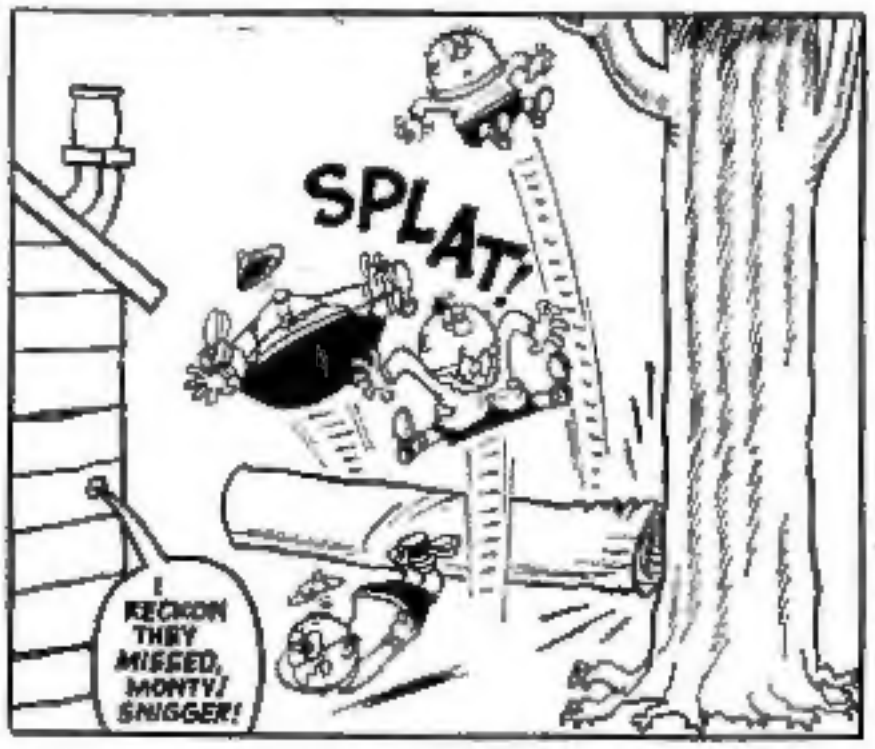
SKID!

WE MADE IT, MONTY! WE'RE SAFE NOW- WE'RE BACK IN THE HUT!
PENNY'S DEN
NOW FOR A GLORIOUS NOSH-UP! SLURP!

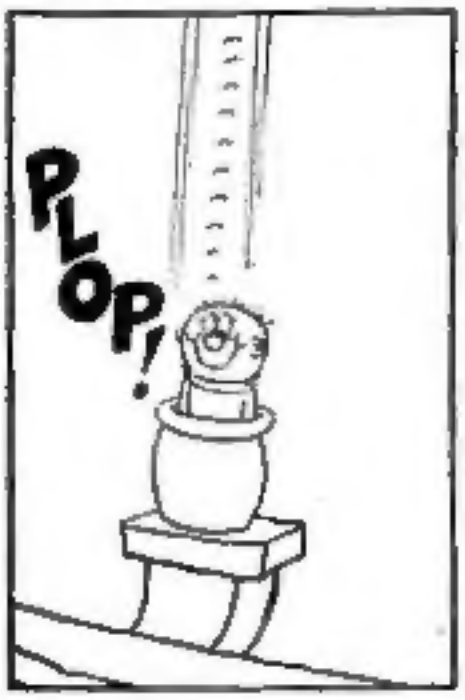

MUNCH! | CHOMP!
SLURP!
THUMP!
PENNY'S DEN
WHA-AH! OPEN UP- WE WANT OUR SWEETS BACK!
THUMP!
THUMP!
STOP! YOU GREEDY, ROTTEN MONSTERS!

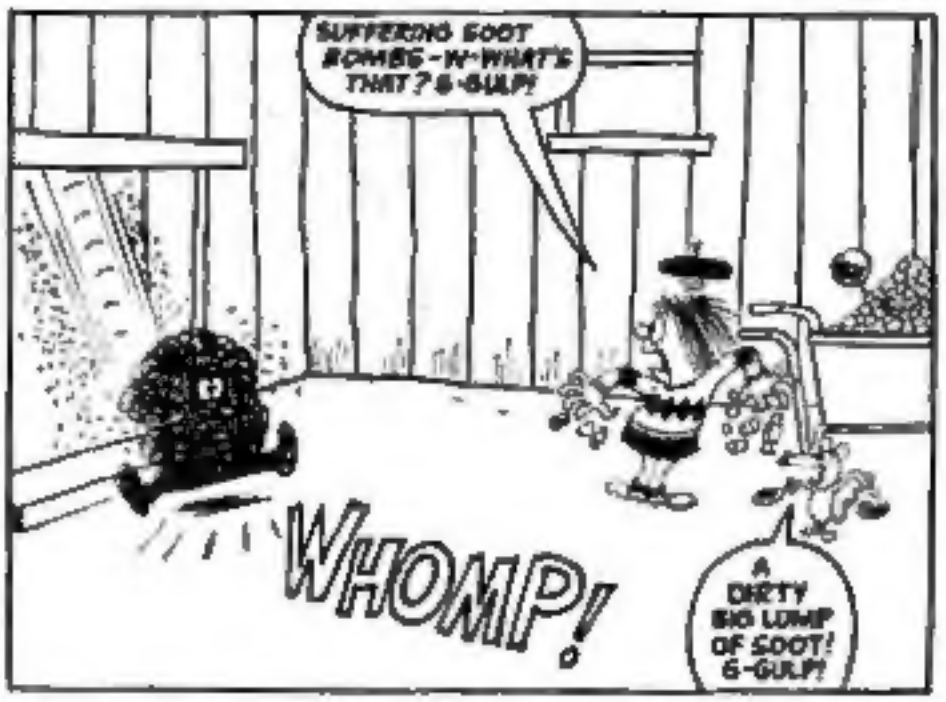

GRR! WE'LL BATTER THE DOOR DOWN!
THEN BATTER PENNY! GRR! GRR!

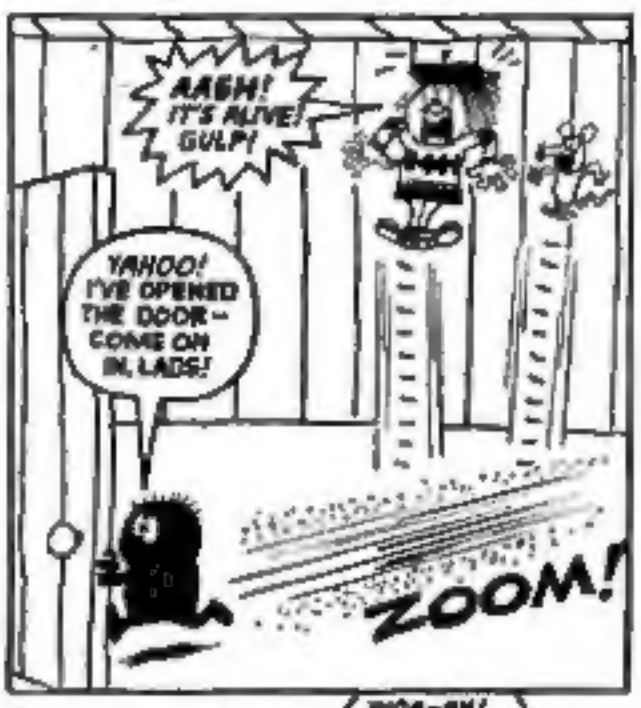

LEFT RIGHT, LEFT! RIGHT! HEH! HEH!
WALK!
WALK!

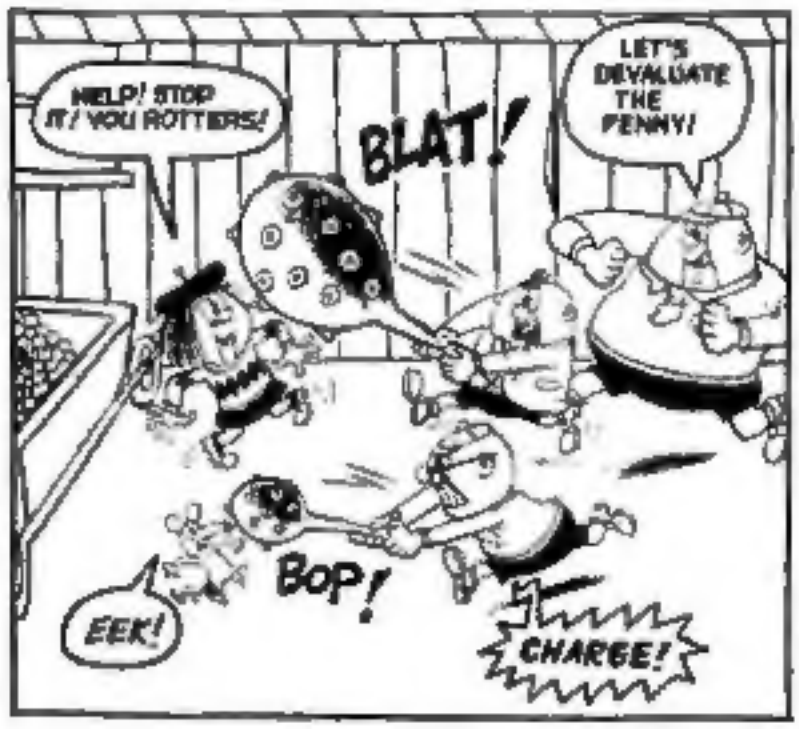

SPLAT!
I RECKON THEY MISSED, MONTY! SNIGGER!

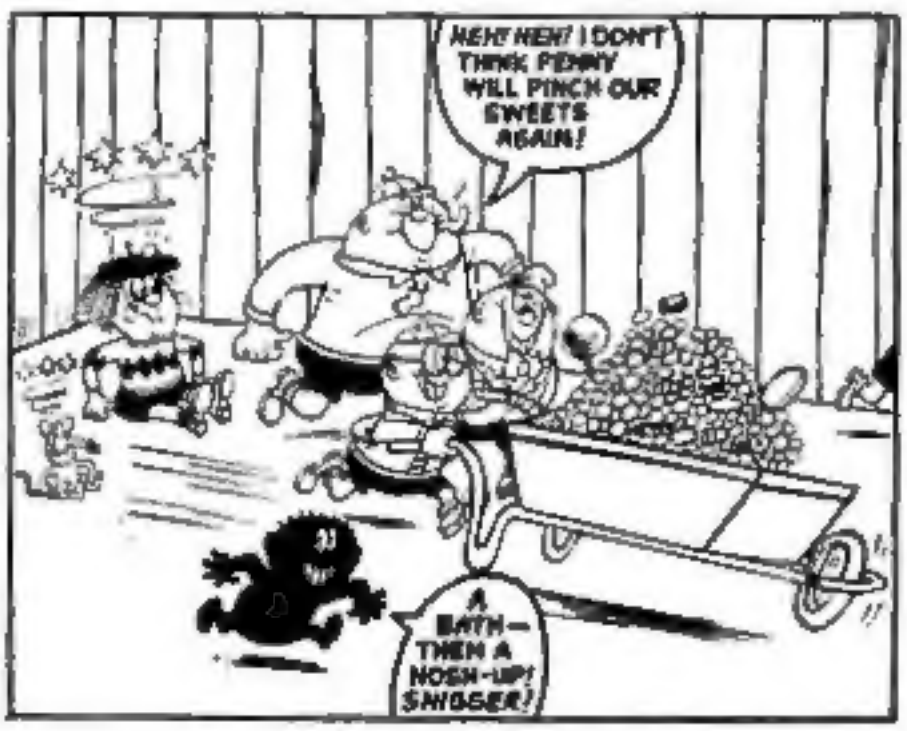
COO! HERE'S ONE JUST COMING DOWN!!!


PLOP!


SUFFERING SOOT BOMBS-W-WHAT'S THAT? G-GULP!
WHOMP!
A DIRTY BIG LUMP OF SOOT! G-GULP!


AAGH! IT'S ALIVE! GULP!
YAHOO! I'VE OPENED THE DOOR- COME ON IN, LADS!
ZOOM!


HELP! STOP IT! YOU ROTTERS!
BLAT!
LET'S DEVALUATE THE PENNY!
BOP!
EEK!
CHARGE!


HEH! HEH! I DON'T THINK PENNY WILL PINCH OUR SWEETS AGAIN!
A BATH- THEN A NOSH-UP! SNIGGER!

WHA-AH! NOW DAD'S STOPPED MY POCKET-MONEY FOR ANOTHER WEEK FOR LOSING HIS BLINKING BARROW!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACKED PEOPLE . . .

Deanne Wilton, Southgate, London, N.14; N. Robson, Bournemouth, Hants.; Alan Beattie, Carrickfergus, N. Ireland; Linda Hyde, Leicester; Tony Hulme, Cannington, nr. Bridgwater; Jonathan Roberts, Bristol; Peter McCullar, Christow, nr. Exeter, Devon; Caroline Rae, Tunbridge Wells, Kent; Paul Jeffries, Netherfield, Nottingham; Vivien Doherty, Co. Derry, N. Ireland; Nicholas Page, Ipswich, Suffolk; C. Greenaway, London, N.19; Conrad Flohr, Hall Green, Birmingham, 28; Roy Barnes, Rhyl, N. Wales; Penny Bolton, Church, nr. Accrington, Lancashire; Nigel R. Pigg, Reading, Berks.; A. Liley, Northants.; Philip Howard, Harpenden, Herts.; Jenny Crook, Harrow, Middx.; Paul Ridewood, Basildon, Essex.

STAY RIGHT THERE, all you North-of-the-Border Powerhousers! Especially those who've been asking and asking what AFFABLE ALF and BIG BOLD BART really look like! For at last—way up there in Scotland—the truth will be revealed. The mists of mystery long surrounding the working-day features of our leader and his Number One will be wafted away. Soon you'll see them both! Where? Right there in your own home! ON THE TELLY! It's a scoop-happy, earth-rocking fact! All day long, hustling camera crews from B.B.C. Scottish Television have been disturbing the normal dust and litter of labour-filled ages! Television cameras whirring have added a strange and modern note to the normal garret cacophony of scratching pens, rattling typewriters and gnashing teeth. Very exciting it was for us humble page-pushers! But did we jostle to catch the camera's eye? Did we as much as lift our heads to observe these goings-on? We did NOT! Because the whole point of the film (part of a "Careers" series) was to show us all AT WORK! No, not quite all, for some of us didn't quite make the grade! But ALF and BART were filmed expertising over a new piece of artwork! And master-letterer BEARDED BILL NUTTALL was shown peerlessly penning the words as only he can! What a day it's been. Should be quite a programme, too. Sorry we can't tell you, at this moment, exactly WHEN it will blaze it's way into small screen history! . . . but as soon as WE know we'll see YOU know!

STILL ON THE SAME SUBJECT (us on the telly) . . . the finished film will also take you into the home of Scottish script-scribe WALT THORBURN. And here's your chance to take an awe-filled gander at the face in front of the brain that's made WALT one of the top "funnies" script writers in the business. The Dolls of St. Dominics, The Tiddlers, Dare-a-Day Davy, Georgie's Germs, Sammy Shrink, The Swots and The Blots; these and more are dreamed up by WONDER MAN WALT *every week*!!! And, believe us, keeping up a work programme like that takes a lot of energy and work, a lot of thought and a TON of sensahumour!! Darn it, poor WALT has to work almost as hard as US!!

NEW!

SlimLine Wayfinders

WOW! they're the greatest!

Just look at the fabulous styling of new SlimLine Wayfinders. They're really with it. And along with terrific casual style, (no laces to tie!) these brand new Wayfinders have animal tracks recessed into the soles—only you know they're there.

Join the thousands of boys already wearing Wayfinders and make tracks with every step.

They're ideal for school and home. Wear them all day, every day. And they're fully approved for Scouts and Cub Scouts. Get a pair of sleek, hard-wearing SlimLine Wayfinders now.

In black, from 39/11d with a 6 month guarantee. Available at most shoe stores.

New recessed animal track soles

FREE with every pair

A compass in secret heel compartment

Spare compass to carry in your pocket

Special Wayfinders *Tracker* badge.

WAYFINDERS

161 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

DAREDEVIL

FEATURING: THE MURDEROUS MENACE OF... THE KILLER'S CASTLE!

"THAT HE MAY SEE!"

GOOD THING I WAS IN THE AREA! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO STOP THOSE HIJACKERS FROM ESCAPING OUT TO SEA, AND I'M NOT WEARING THIS COSTUME JUST TO CATCH FLIES!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

WELL, BETTER HEAD FOR SHORE BEFORE I GET A CHILL! IT WON'T HELP MY SUPER-HERO IMAGE ANY IF I'M SEEN RUNNING AROUND TOWN WITH NOSE DROPS AND PAPER TISSUES!

LOOKS LIKE THAT BLASTED BULLET SAT DEEPER THAN I THOUGHT! THE ARMS STARTING TO GET NUMB! THIS'LL PUT A DAMPER ON MY HEROICS FOR TONIGHT, THAT'S FOR SURE!

SOMETIMES I WONDER... DO I REALLY DO THIS TO HELP MANKIND... OR AM I JUST A SHOWOFF WHO NEVER GREW UP?!
OH, WELL, AT LEAST IT KEEPS ME OUT IN THE FRESH AIR!

SHOW ME A SUPERHERO WITHOUT A FIRST AID KIT, AND I'LL SHOW YOU A NUT!
WELL, I'M NO BEN CASEY, BUT THIS SHOULD PATCH IT UP FOR A WHILE!

THE NEXT MORNING, OUR SIGHTLESS SWASHBUCKLER MEETS KAREN PAGE ON THE WAY TO WORK! IF YOU'VE NOTHING BETTER TO DO, LET'S JOIN THEM...!
KAREN IS STILL AFTER ME TO HAVE AN EYE OPERATION! IF ONLY I COULD DISCOURAGE HER!
MATT, REMEMBER DR. VAN EYCK, THE EYE SPECIALIST WHOM I WANTED YOU TO CONSULT? I RECENTLY LEARNED THAT HE LEFT AMERICA AND MOVED TO LICHTENBAD!
GREAT! NOW MAYBE SHE'LL DROP THE SUBJECT!

ANYWAY, I'M GOING TO HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU SOON! I HOPE YOU'LL LIKE IT!
LICHTENBAD? THAT'S JUST A FLY SPECK ON THE MAP OF EUROPE! WHY WOULD THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS EYE DOCTOR MOVE THERE?
A SURPRISE? WHAT KIND OF SURPRISE, KAREN?
IF I TOLD YOU THAT, IT WOULDN'T BE A SURPRISE ANY MORE, WOULD IT?
OH, MATT, MY DARLING! IF ONLY WE COULD STAY THIS WAY FOREVER... ARM-IN-ARM... NEVER TO PART!
HER PULSE WAS QUICKENED... HER HEARTBEAT SPEEDED UP! I CAN ALMOST BELIEVE SHE'S IN L... NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT MUSTN'T!

I'M SURE IT'S HIS BLINDNESS THAT MAKES HIM SO COLD, SO DISTANT! IF ONLY I COULD CONVINCE HIM THAT IT DOESN'T MATTER TO ME!
FOGGY? ARE YOU THERE? KAREN SAYS SHE HAS A SURPRISE FOR ME! KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT, PARTNER?
FOGGY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I ONLY WANT HIM TO HAVE THAT EYE OPERATION... TO SEE AGAIN... FOR HIS SAKE!
THE OL' SON-OF-A-GUN! I CAN SENSE HIM HOLDING A GOLF CLUB CLEAR ACROSS THE ROOM!
EH, JUST STRAIGHTENING THINGS UP A BIT, MATT! IT'S BEEN A BUSY MORNING!
ANYWAY, PART OF KAREN'S SURPRISE WAS IN THE NEWSPAPER THIS MORNING! I'LL READ IT TO YOU, MATHEW MY BOY!
IF I CAN JUST SINK THIS LAST PUTT WITHOUT HIM HEARING IT!

FINALLY...
DO YOU REMEMBER SOMEONE NAMED KLAUS KRUGER, MATT?
WHO? OH... SURE, I DO! WASN'T HE THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE STUDENT WHO WAS IN OUR CLASS FOR THE FINAL YEAR AT LAW SCHOOL?
HE'S THE ONE!
VOL 8 SEC 3
DUKE VISITS U.S.
KLAUS KRUGER, HEREDITARY RULER OF THE TINY PRINCIPALITY OF LICHTENBAD, ARRIVED IN NEW YORK TODAY FOR A BRIEF VISIT. THE DUKE HAS REFUSED ALL PRESS INTERVIEWS AND DECLINED TO DIVULGE ANY
LICHTENBAD RULER AT LEFT AIRPORT

WELL, WHEN I READ THAT HE WAS IN TOWN, I PHONED HIM AND TOLD HIM ABOUT... OHHH!
MURDOCK! MEESON! HOW GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
IT'S KLAUS! HE'S HERE!
COME IN, YOUR EXCELLENCY!
COME NOW! NONE OF THAT "YOUR EXCELLENCY" TALK BETWEEN SUCH OLD FRIENDS!

MATHEW, WHEN THIS YOUNG LADY TOLD ME YOU HAD LOST YOUR SIGHT, I KNEW I HAD TO TAKE YOU BACK TO LICHTENBAD WITH ME!
NOW I GET IT! DR. VAN EYCK IS IN LICHTENBAD... AND THEN, WHEN KAREN READ THAT YOU WERE HERE... THAT'S THE SURPRISE!

BUT, WHY WOULD KLAUS KRUGER BE INTERESTED IN ME NOW? WE WERE NEVER REALLY THAT FRIENDLY! HE WAS A STRANGE ONE... A GIANT OF A MAN... BRILLIANT, ATHLETIC... ALWAYS WITH AN AIR OF MYSTERY ABOUT HIM!

WHY DID DR. VAN EYCK GO TO LICHTENBAD, KLAUS?
HE CAME FOR A VACATION... FELL IN LOVE WITH THE BEAUTY OF THE COUNTRYSIDE... AND DECIDED TO MAKE HIS HOME THERE!
YOU MUST GO BACK WITH THE DUKE, MATT! YOU CAN'T PASS UP A CHANCE LIKE THIS...

...A CHANCE TO SEE AGAIN!
SHE IS RIGHT, MY FRIEND! YOU WILL BE MY GUEST! YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR OPERATION, AND RETURN TO AMERICA WITH YOUR VISION RESTORED!
I WILL GO WITH HIM! BUT, FOR A DIFFERENT REASON!

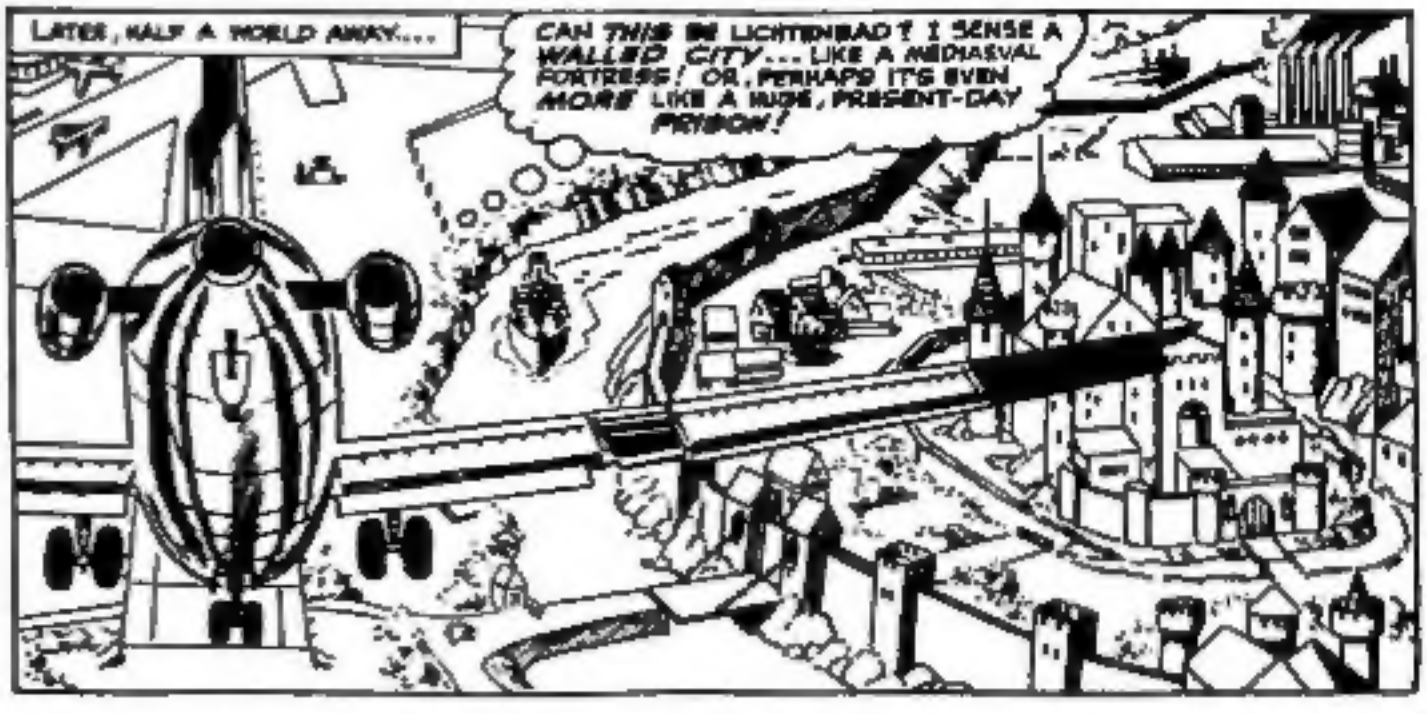
I CAN TELL BY HIS PULSE RATE THAT HE'S LYING! THE ENTIRE STORY IS A HOAX! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY! AND ONE THING I CAN'T DENY IS A MYSTERY!

THAT NIGHT...
AND YET, IF ONLY I DARED TO REALLY HAVE AN EYE OPERATION! IF ONLY I DIDN'T FEAR THAT I WOULD LOSE MY SUPER-SENSES IF MY VISION RETURNED!
HOW IRONIC THAT DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR, IS MORTALLY AFRAID OF EVER REGAINING HIS SIGHT!

THEN, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...
GOOD LUCK, MATT... I PRAY THE OPERATION WILL SUCCEED! WITH ALL MY HEART, I PRAY...!
DON'T BUILD YOUR HOPES UP TOO MUCH, KAREN!... I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO BE DISAPPOINTED!
IF ONLY I DARED TO SWEEP HER UP IN MY ARMS... TELL HER WHAT I'M LONGING TO SAY!
TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM, KLAUS! PARTNERS LIKE MATT DON'T GROW ON TREES!

NOW THAT WE'RE TAKING OFF, I SENSE A CHANGE IN HIM! HE'S GROWN COLD, ALOOF... UTTERLY EMOTIONLESS!

WHAT IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG! IF THE OPERATION FAILS? I... I COULDN'T BEAR IT!
IT'S MATT SHE LOVES... NOT ME! I ALWAYS KNEW IT!


LATER, HALF A WORLD AWAY...
CAN THIS BE LICHTENBAD? I SENSE A WALLED CITY... LIKE A MEDIAEVAL FORTRESS! OR, PERHAPS IT'S EVEN MORE LIKE A WIDE, PRESENT-DAY PRISON!

SHE WANTS HIM TO SEE AGAIN, SO THAT HE'LL MARRY HER! BUT, IF THE OPERATION FAILS, PERHAPS I'LL STILL HAVE A CHANCE...!
NO! I MUSTN'T THINK THAT WAY! HE'S MY FRIEND! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?!

THEN, AS THE PASSENGERS BEGIN TO DISEMBARK...
DEATH TO TYRANTS!! LONG LIVE FREEDOM!

EXCELLENCY! LOOK OUT! THERE IS AN ASSASSIN... WITH A PISTOL!
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, FOOL! THE DUKE OF LICHTENBAD DOES NOT PANIC AT THE SIGHT OF A PEASANT WITH A WEAPON!
OUT OF MY WAY! HE DOES NOT FRIGHTEN ME! LET ME APPROACH HIM!

HOW CAN YOU REMAIN STANDING?! WHY DO YOU NOT FALL?
YOUR BULLETS CANNOT HARM ME!
KRAK!
KRAK!

STAY BACK, GUARDS! ONE KARATE BLOW IS ALL I WILL NEED!

UNNH...!

THAK!

DID HE THINK I WOULD BE CARELESS ENOUGH TO APPEAR IN PUBLIC WITHOUT A BULLET-PROOF VEST?! TO THE DUNGEONS WITH HIM!

I'VE NEVER SENSED AN ATMOSPHERE SO CHARGED WITH SHEER, NAKED HATRED! AND IT'S ALL DIRECTED AGAINST KLAUS KRUGER!! THE PEOPLE DESPISE HIM!!

MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE DUKE'S PERSONAL HEAVILY-ARMOURED CAR ...

ALL THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE IS THAT FEELING OF HATRED... OVERSHADOWED ONLY BY AN EVEN STRONGER FEELING OF STARK FEAR!!

I SHALL TAKE YOU TO SEE DR. VAN EYCK NOW, MURDOCK!

THE SENSATION OF TERROR, SUSPICION, AND HATRED IS EVERYWHERE! IT'S SO STRONG, SO THICK, YOU CAN ALMOST TOUCH IT...!

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! KLAUS HAS MADE A SLAVE STATE OF LICHTENRAD! BUT WHY?

AND THEN, INSIDE A SMALL, CLOSELY GUARDED ROOM ...

WHY ARE THERE GUARDS OUTSIDE THE DOOR? WHY IS THE DOCTOR ALSO FILLED WITH FEAR?

I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH DR. VAN EYCK NOW! REPORT TO ME TOMORROW!

SO YOU ARE MATHEW MURDOCK? I HAVE HEARD OF YOU!

DOCTOR, WHAT IS HAPPENING IN LICHTENRAD? WHAT IS EVERYONE AFRAID OF? AND WHY ARE YOU HERE?

NO! NO! DO NOT TALK OF SUCH MATTERS! EVEN THE WALLS HAVE EARS! I KNOW NOTHING! NOTHING!

BUT, AS THE TREMBLING DOCTOR FEARFULLY COMPLETES HIS EXAMINATION, THE SUPER-KEEN HEARING OF MATT MURDOCK NOTES FRAGMENTS OF SPEECH FROM ALL OVER THE BUILDING ...

WE MUST REVOLT!

BE BRAVE! WAIT FOR THE SIGNAL!

IT'S DEATH TO DEFY THE DUKE!

HIS SPIES ARE EVERYWHERE!

I'M INNOCENT! I SWEAR IT!

AND SO ...

VAN EYCK SAID THE X-RAYS WOULD BE READY TOMORROW! BUT, WHILE I'M WAITING, IT'S TIME FOR DAREDEVIL TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS COMIC-OPERA KINGDOM!

MMMM! WHEREVER I GO, I HEAR PEOPLE PLOTTING TO REVOLT AGAINST THE DUKE! HOW HAS HE MANAGED TO KEEP THEM ENSLAVED TILL NOW? WHAT POWER DOES HE HOLD OVER THEM?

WE CAN DELAY NO LONGER! OUR PEOPLE SUFFER MORE EACH DAY!

YOU ARE RIGHT! BETTER DEATH THAN TYRANNY! THE TIME TO STRIKE IS NOW!

FIRST, WE MUST FIND ARMS! WE NEED MORE GUNS, MORE...

THE DUKE'S PALACE GUARDS! WE'VE BEEN BETRAYED! WE'RE TRAPPED!

YOU ARE TRAITORS, ALL! YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR TREASON! YOU MUST COME WITH US!

NO! DON'T LET THEM TAKE US! WE MUST FIGHT!

I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL, THOUGH! I STILL CAN'T USE MY RIGHT ARM! IT'S ALMOST COMPLETELY NUMB!

THE "PALACE GUARD"... THEY'RE NOT MEN... THEY'RE ROBOTS!! NOTHING CAN HARM THEM... OR STOP THEM!

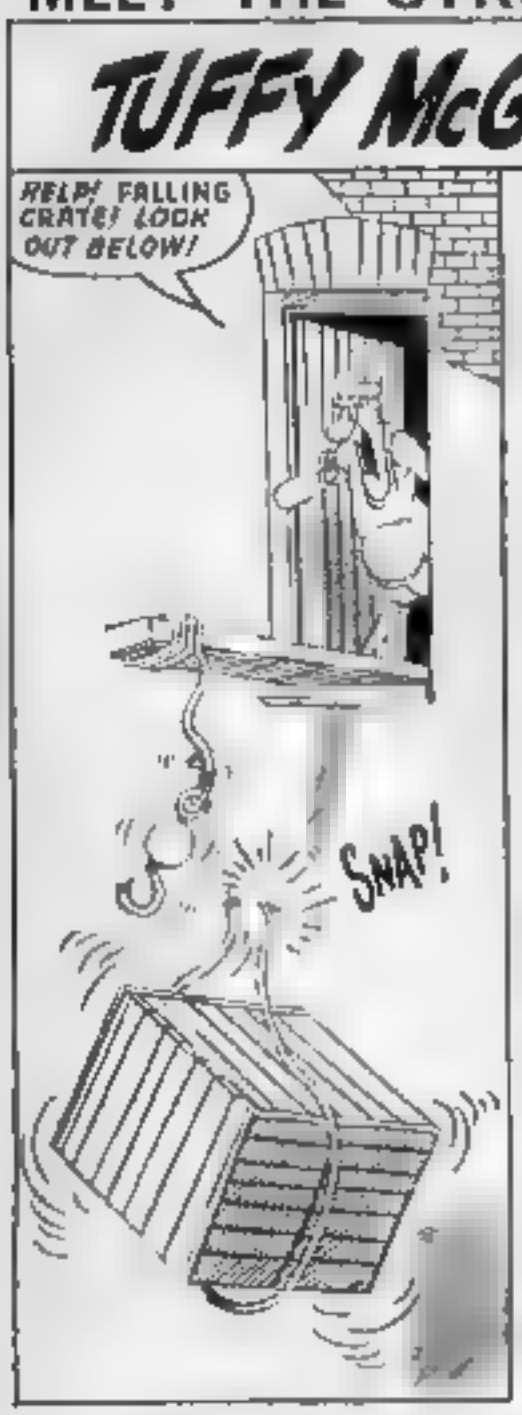
YOU MUST COME WITH US! THE ORDERS OF HIS EXCELLENCY, THE DUKE, MUST EVER BE OBEYED!

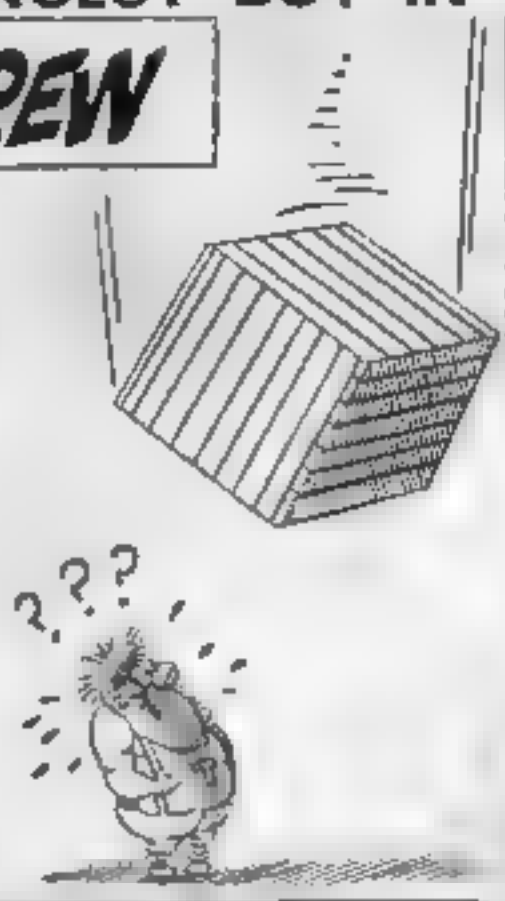
IT'S USELESS! THE ROBOT GUARDS ARE EVERYWHERE! WE MUST SURRENDER! WE MUST LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY!

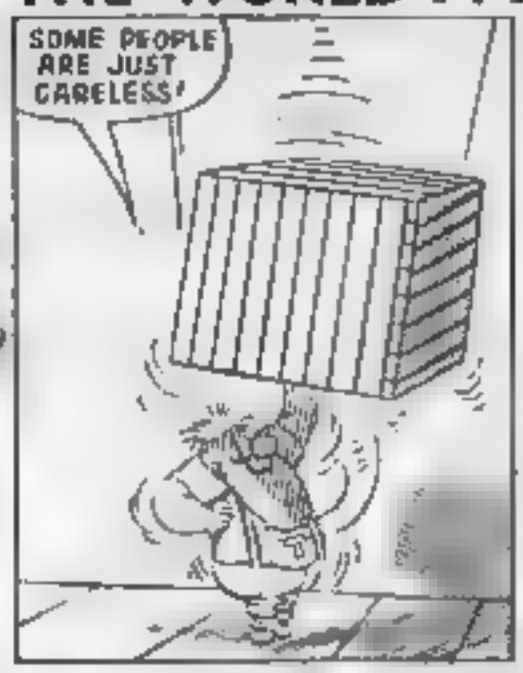
WHAT CHANCE HAS ONE BLIND MAN AGAINST A RUTHLESS ROBOT ARMY?—A STAGGERING QUESTION—BUT THAT'S THE WAY THE MOP FLOPS NEXT ISH!

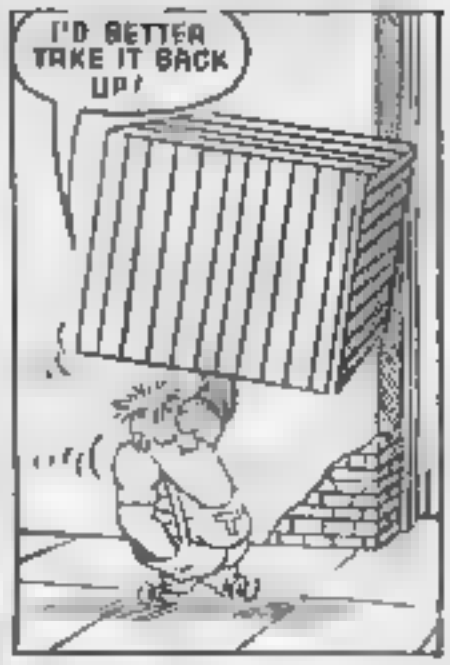
MEET THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD . . .

TUFFY McGREW

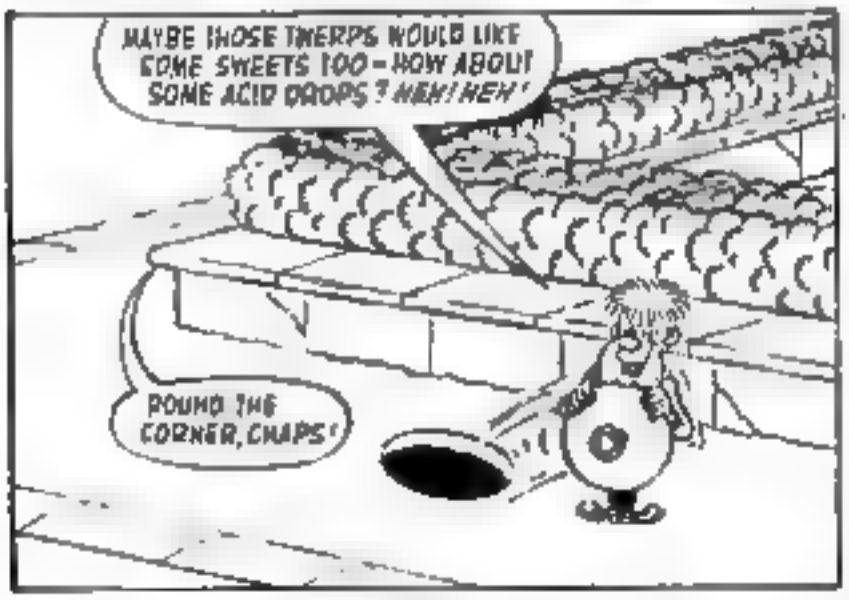


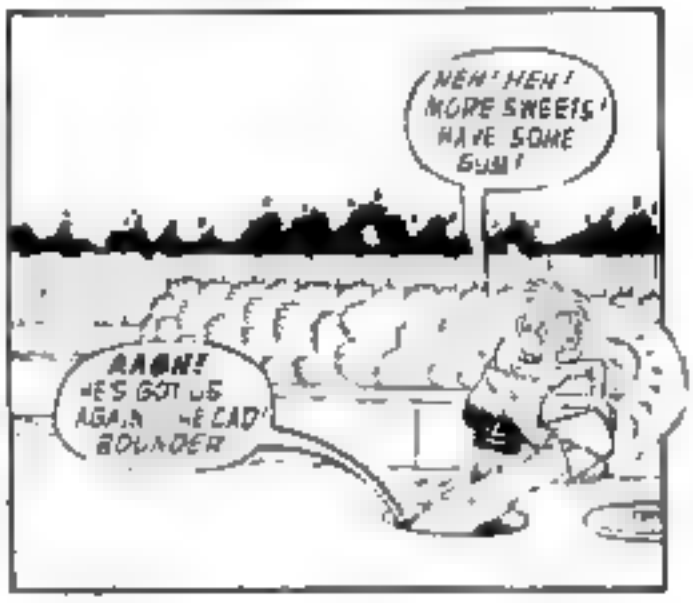




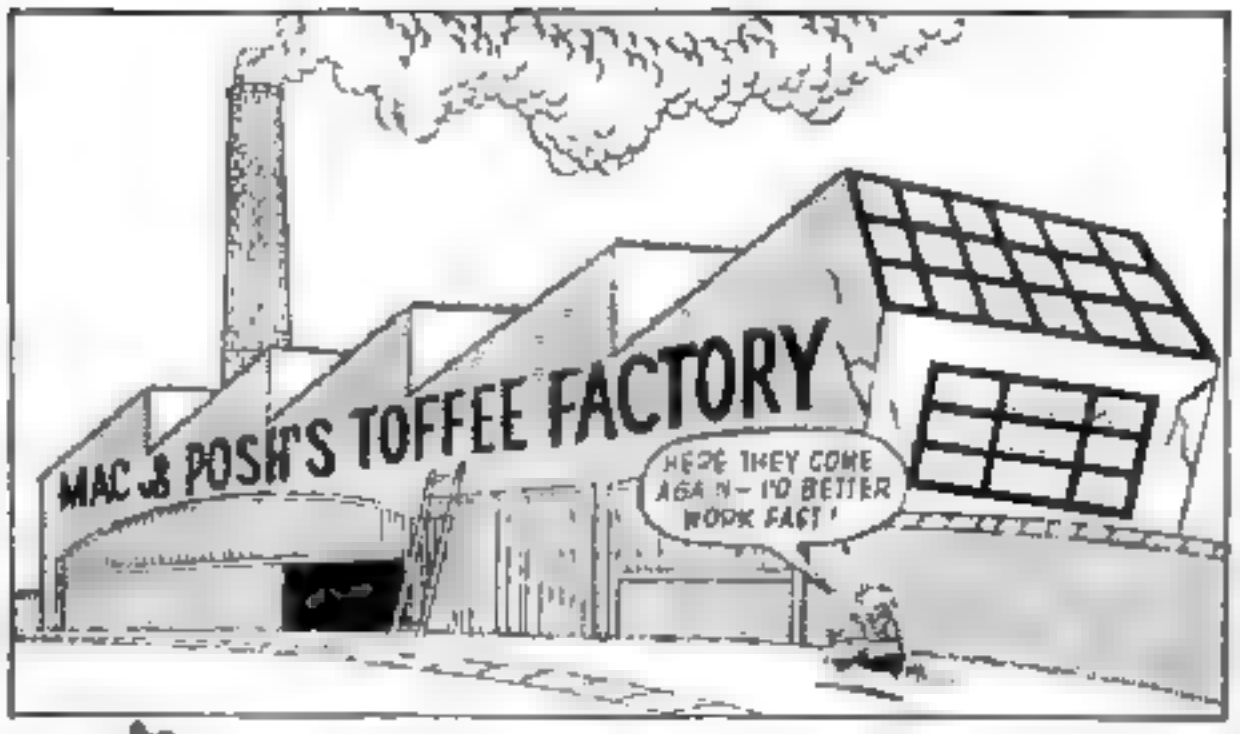


The SWOTS and the BLOTS

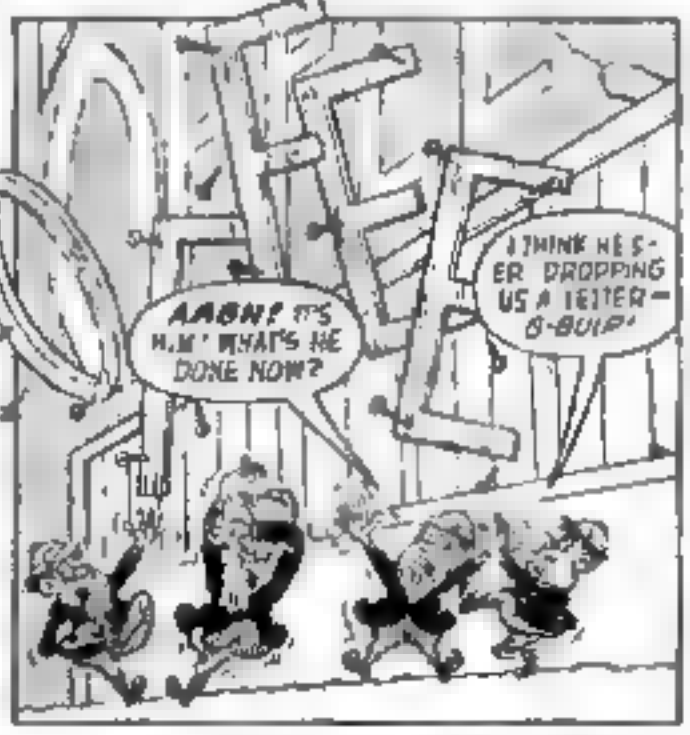


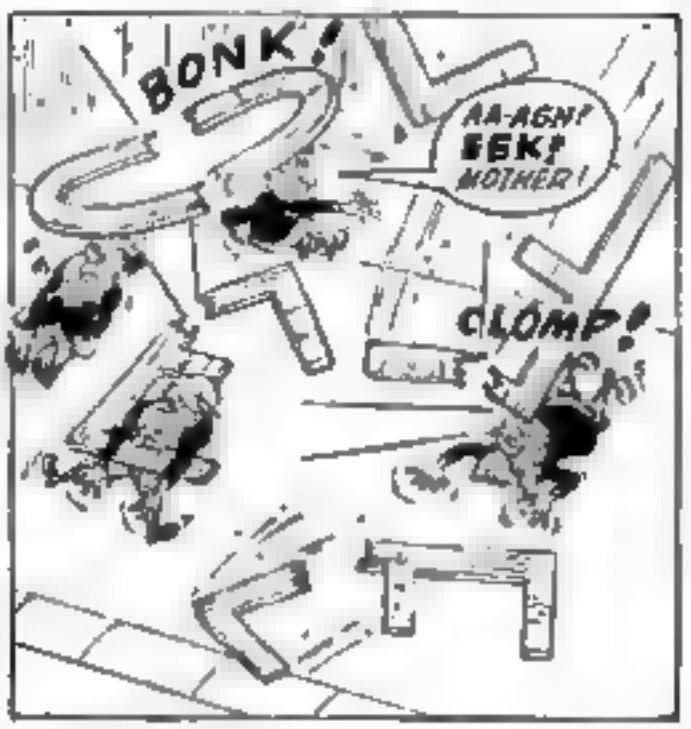


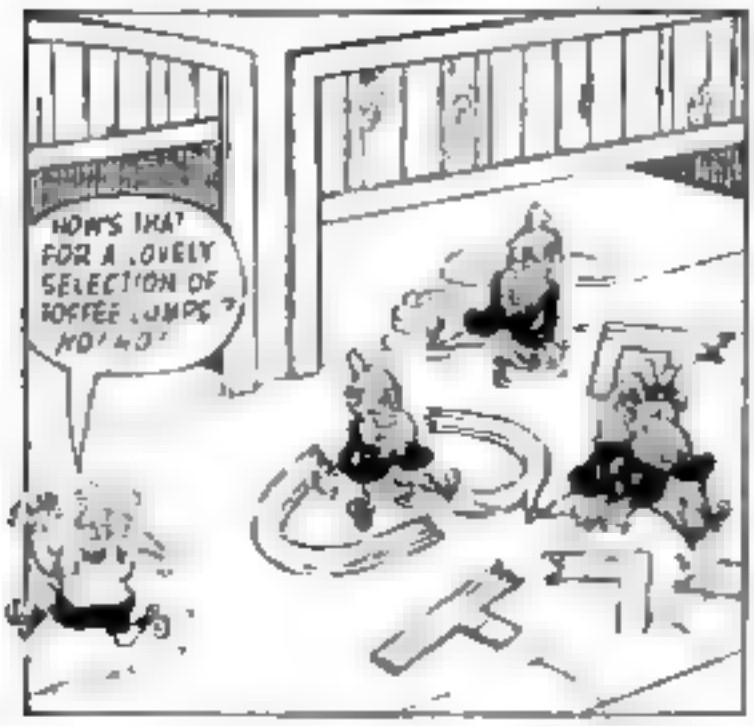
FIRE STATION
GORR!
FUME!
DON'T THINK THOSE SNOTS LIKE SWEETS!


MAC & POSH'S TOFFEE FACTORY
HERE THEY COME AGAIN – I'D BETTER WORK FAST!

THIS WILL BE THE BEST BAG YET – I'LL JUST LOOSEN ALL THE SCREWS!
DOWN IN THE BLOTS!
SCRAG THE BOUNDERS!


AAGH! IT'S H.M.! WHAT'S HE DONE NOW?
I THINK HE'S ER DROPPING US A LETTER – O-BOIP!

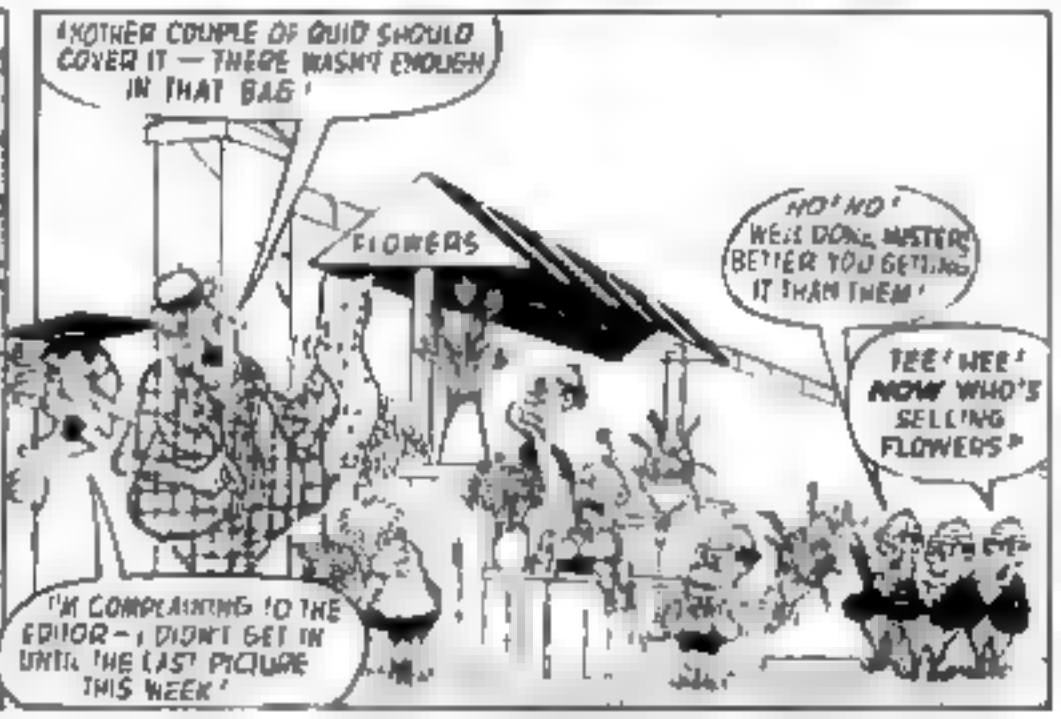

BONK!
AA-AGH! EEK! MOTHER!
CLOMP!


HOW'S THAT FOR A LOVELY SELECTION OF TOFFEE LUMPS? HO! HO!

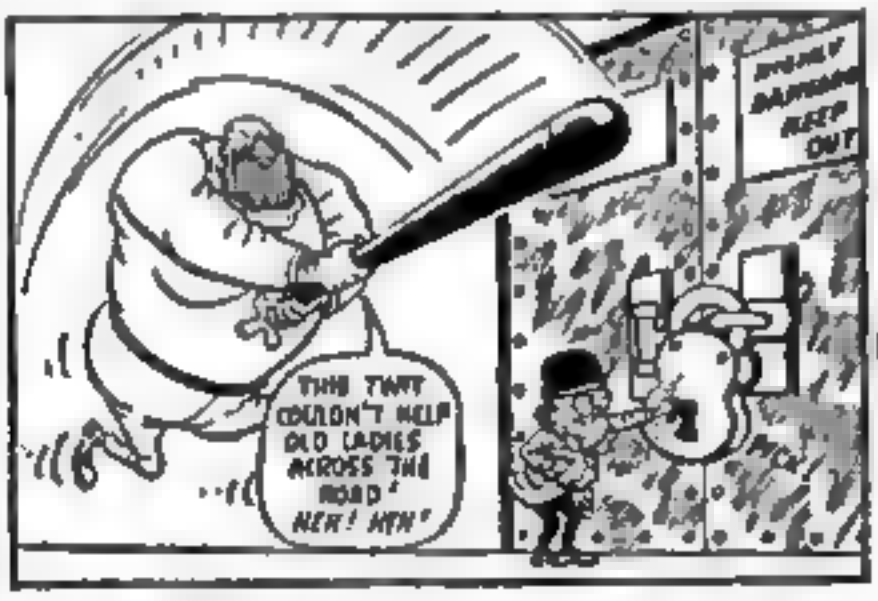
COO! HERE'S BARRY AT LAST!
SWEET SHO
YA-OO! I DID IT! I DON'T THINK THE TWERPS WILL BOTHER US AGAIN!

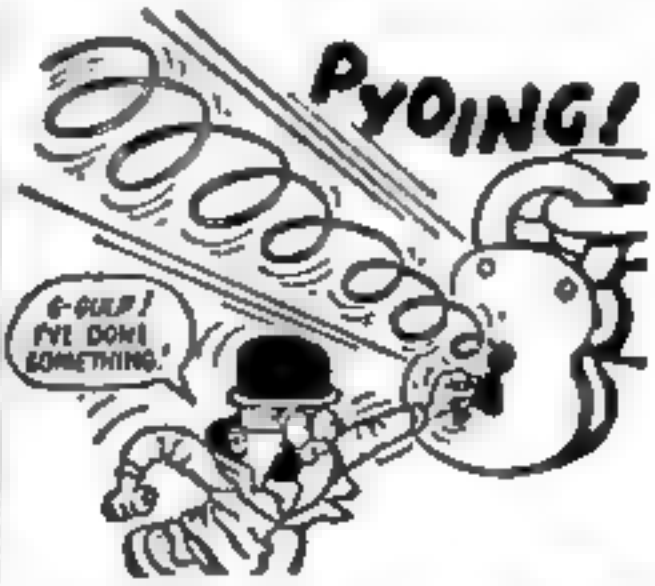
BUT I WILL – THERE'S SOME DAMAGE TO BE PAID FOR!
AAGH! WHO'S HE?
GIVE US BACK OUR LOLLY YOU BULLY!

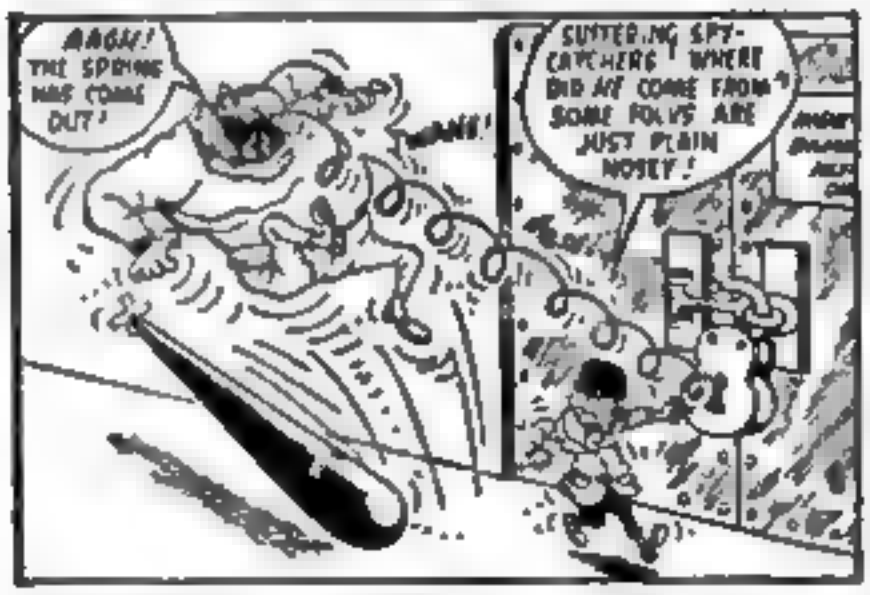
SOMEONE'S GOT TO PAY FOR THAT LOT – I'LL NEED NEW LETTERS NOW
H'S
FAC
ER – WELL ER LADS! YOU SEE –
WHA-AAH! YOU CLOT!
GRRR! WAIT TILL I GET YOU AFTER!

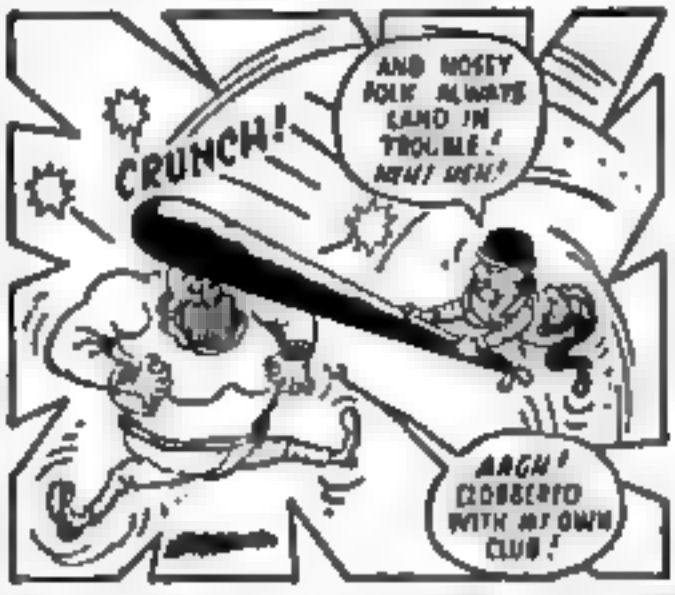

ANOTHER COUPLE OF QUID SHOULD COVER IT – THERE WASN'T ENOUGH IN THAT BAG!
FLOWERS
HO! HO! WELL DONE, MISTER! BETTER YOU GETTING IT THAN THEM!
TEE! WEE! NOW WHO'S SELLING FLOWERS?
I'M COMPLAINING TO THE EDITOR – I DIDN'T GET IN UNTIL THE LAST PICTURE THIS WEEK!

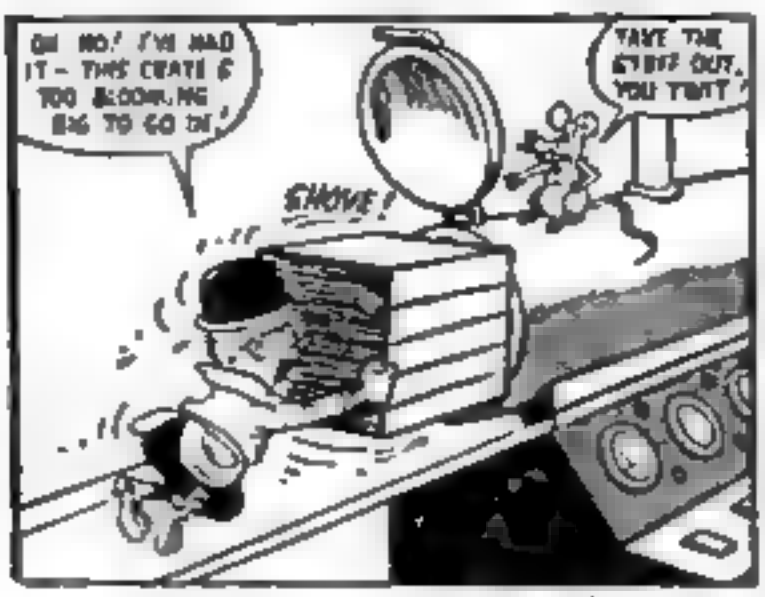
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

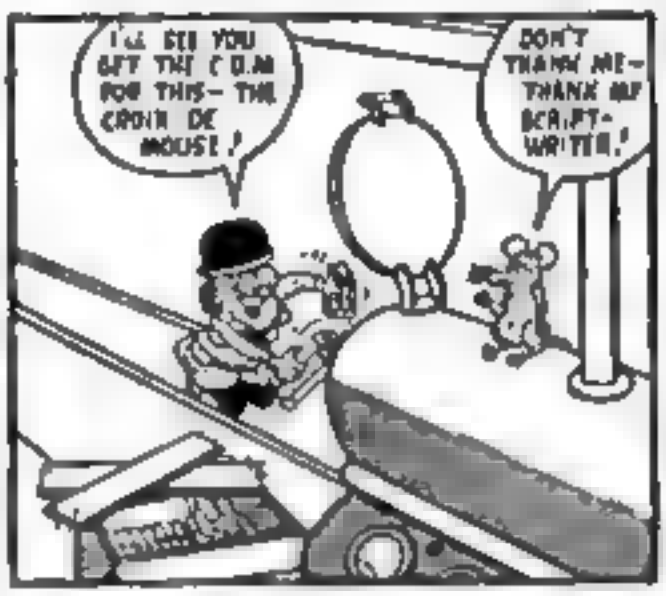


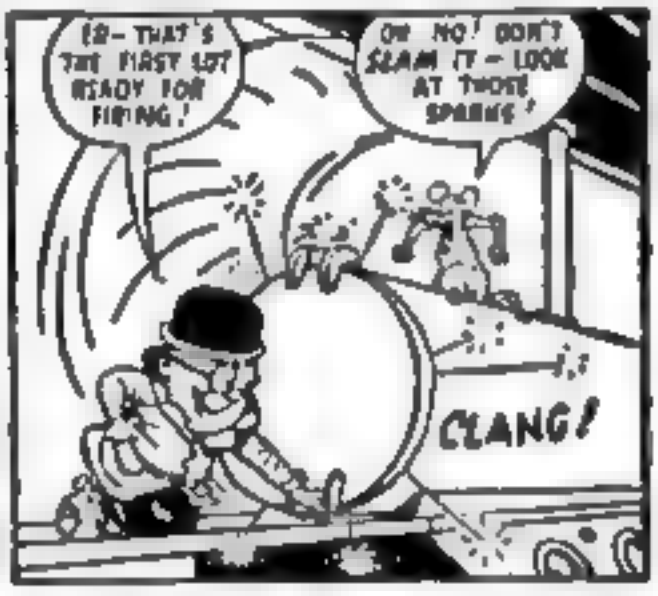


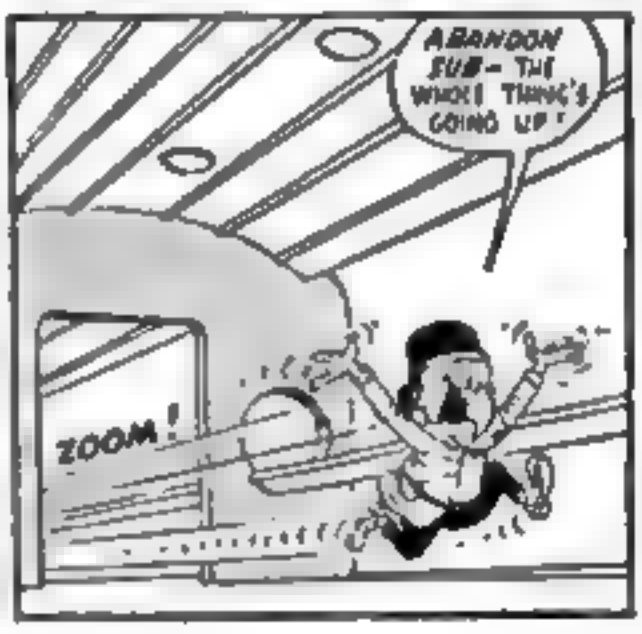


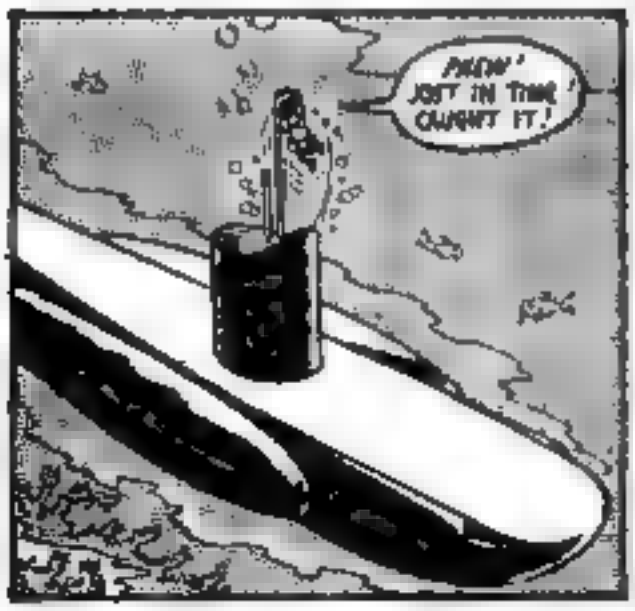




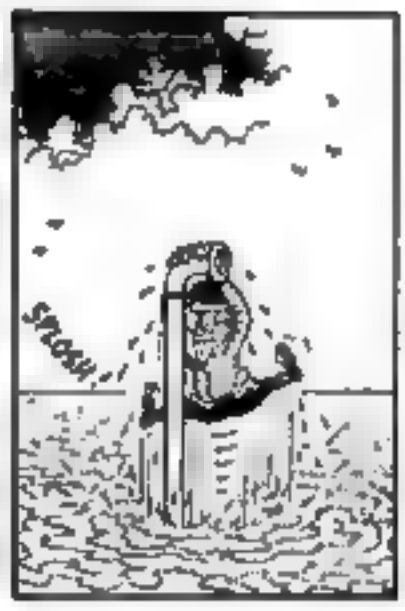


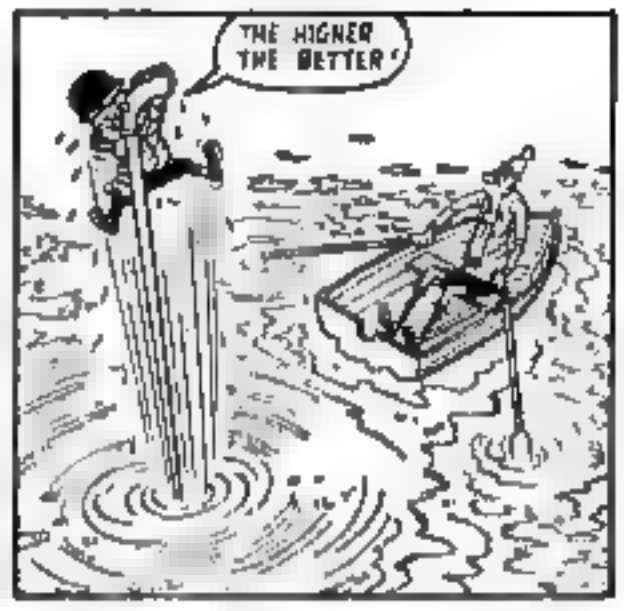





PHEW! JUST IN TIME! CAUGHT IT!

GOING UP! FASTER! FASTER!


SPLASH!


THE HIGHER THE BETTER!

ARGH! IT TOOK ME TEN YEARS TO COLLECT ALL THAT EXPLOSIVE!
COO! TANIA'S STILL LIVING — WELL, THEY SAY A CAT HAS NINE LIVES!
BOOM!

THERE AIN'T NO SUB TO HOLD THIS THING UP NOW!

FIRST STOP M.I.5½, MY GOOD MAN— AND DON'T SPARE THE OARS!
ERK!

YOU CAN RELAX, EVERYONE — JOLLY OLD ENGLAND ISN'T GOING TO DISAPPEAR DOWN ANY DIRTY GREAT HOLE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL NOW — THANKS TO THE NIDDY HERE!

BOO! HOO! NOT ONLY DID HE RUIN MY PLANS— HE'S RUINED MY MAKE-UP TOO!
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED! BUT THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER — AND IT'LL BEGIN IN NEXT WEEK'S ISM!

MEET . . . Mister Knowall

Answer to Bodyguards
(Remember last week—?)

De Gaulle Keepers look after General De Gaulle!

TEAR A TELEPHONE DIRECTORY IN HALF!

But don't start flexing your muscles until you've prepared the trick. And this is it. You simply pop the great, fat volume of your choice (but make sure it's an old one—unless the phone bill hasn't been paid lately) into the oven and BAKE it in a slow heat for about an hour. Give it time to cool down, and you're all ready!

WATER WANGLE

Put a piece of candle into a saucer of water and light it. Now place a coin in the water and tell your audience that you are going to pick it out without wetting your fingers—and you are not going to wear gloves, either!

Impossible? Of course it isn't—when you know how! And here is the secret.

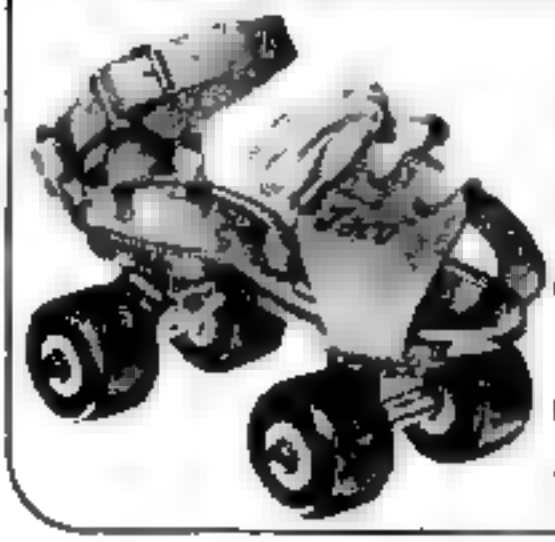
Simply place an inverted glass tumbler over the candle. Whoosh! All the water in the saucer will be suddenly sucked up into the glass, leaving the coin high and dry outside. Pick it out quickly—and you've won another bet!

WOULD you like to make a watermark on your private notepaper . . . a mark that can never be rubbed out? You would? Right! Here is the recipe . . . Soak paper on which you want the watermark. 2: Lay it flat on a mirror. 3. Place a dry sheet of paper over it. 4: Draw your watermark on the DRY paper with a pencil or ballpen. When your notepaper dries, there is a watermark that can never be removed.

best fun on

WHEEEE EEELS!

"Jacoskates"



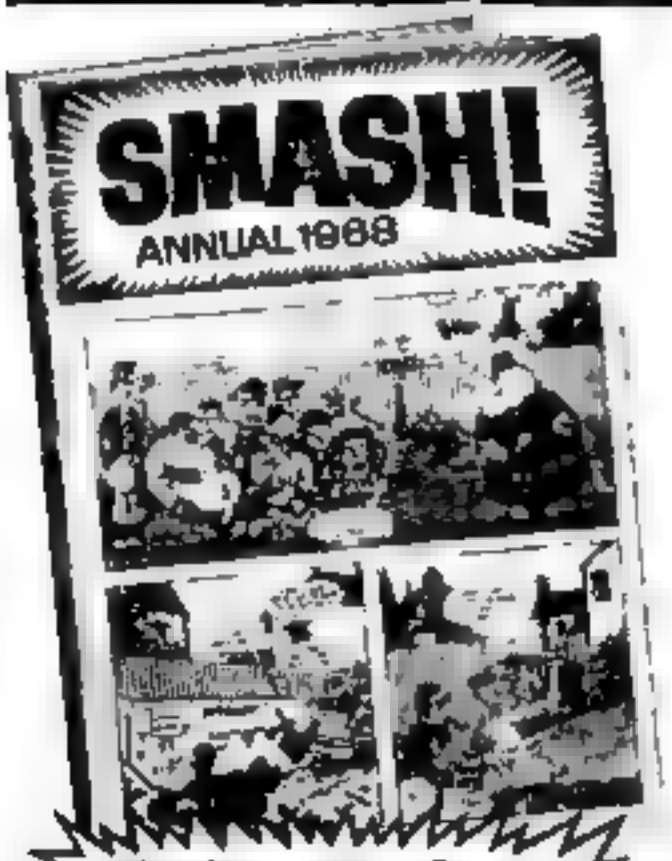
STRONG · SWIFT
SMOOTH · SILENT
(yet cost no more than ordinary skates)

Choose now for Christmas! Full range from only 22/9, from sports and toys shops.

Model No.1 39/11

Jacobs Roller Skates
78/82 Hackney Road, London E2

For Xmas THRILLS and FUN . . . see that you get these 2 GREAT COLOUR-PACKED ANNUALS!



Your No. 1 Favourite!

Smash! Annual 1968

Fun and thrills galore with Rubberman, The Legend Testers, Bad Penny, The Nerve, and lots more of your favourite *Smash!* characters, in dozens of sparkling new picture strips. 94 colour-illustrated pages. Only 8/6

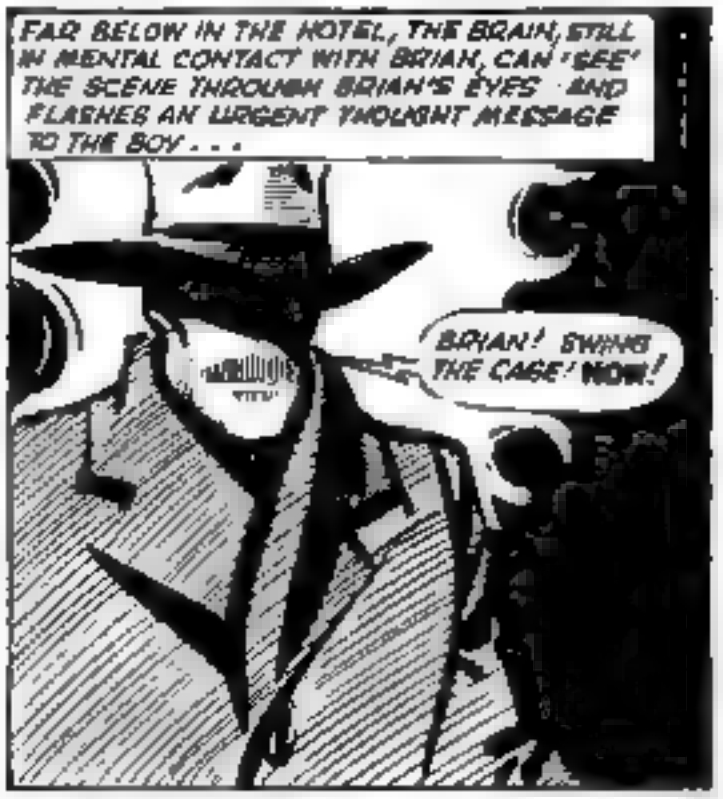
NEW this year!

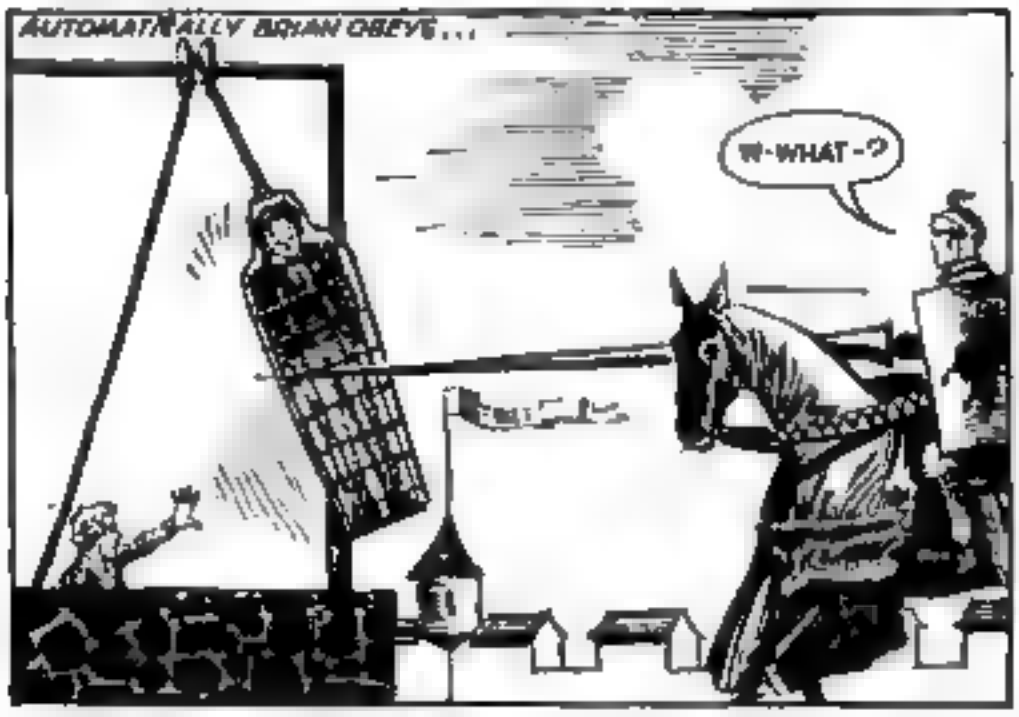
Fantastic Annual 1969

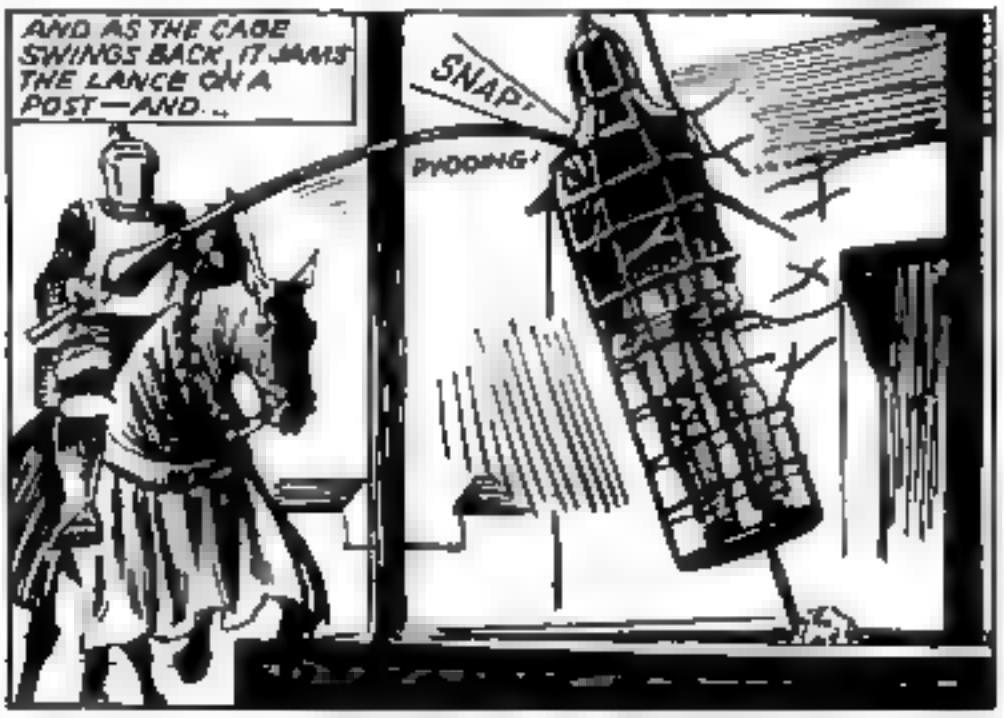
This brand-new annual is packed with exciting picture strips featuring the breath-taking adventures of the popular characters from *Fantastic* comic, including Iron Man, Thor the Mighty, Marvel Girl, and the X-Men. 94 colour pages. Only 9/6

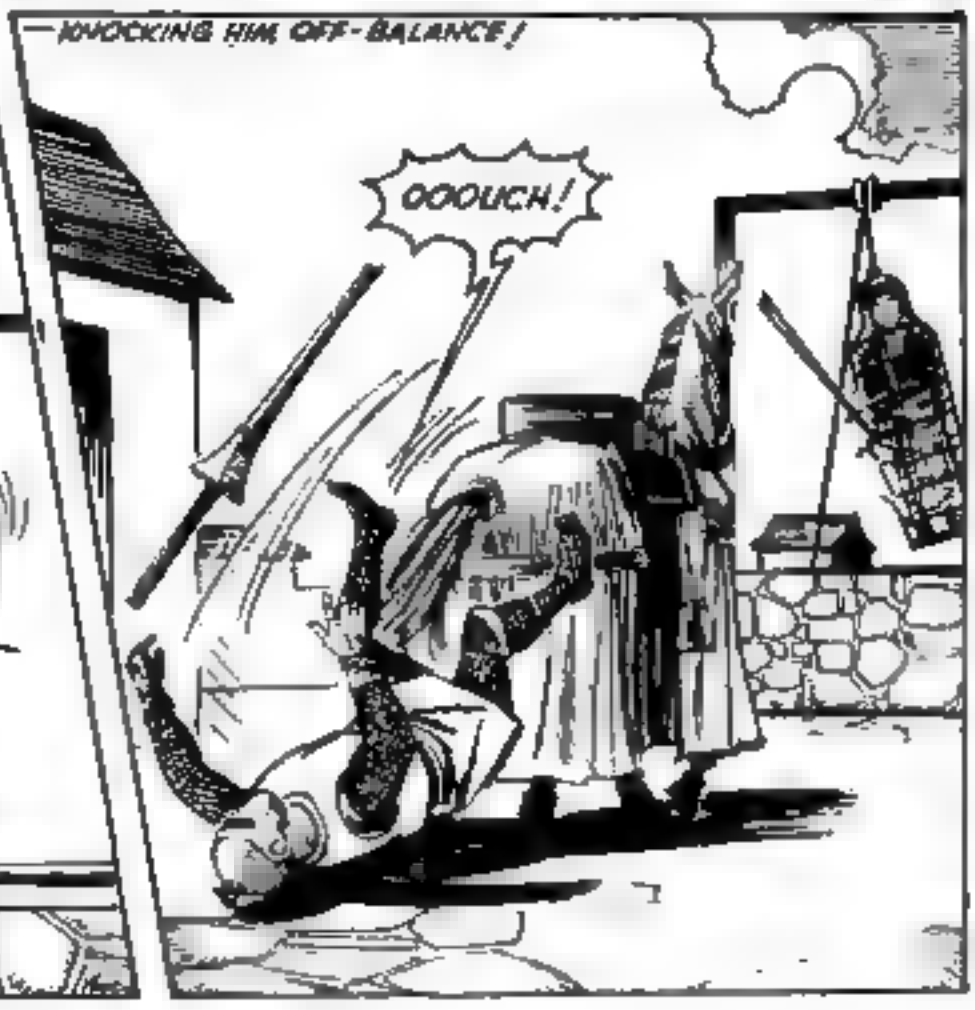
NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSELLERS

BRIAN'S BRAIN









QUICKLY, DUFFY! OUT YOU COME!
PHEW! THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! THANKS, BRIAN!
THANK THE BRAIN — NOT ME! NOW, COME ON — HURRY!

BRIAN! THEY'VE GOT US COLD!
SEIZE YON' VARLETS, YOU DOLTS!

THEN, WITH PERFECT TIMING, THE BRAIN FLASHES AN ORDER INTO THE MINDS OF BOTH BOYS AT ONCE!
DUCK, LADS — NOW!

AND AS THE BOYS ACT, THE MEN-AT ARMS PROD EACH OTHER PAINFULLY IN THE CHAIN-MAIL!
DOUF!
GRRRDOOUGH!

BY THIS TIME, RUPERT JOUST HAS CLATTERED TO HIS TIN-SHOD FEET!
GAAAH! MUST I DO EVERYTHING MYSELF!

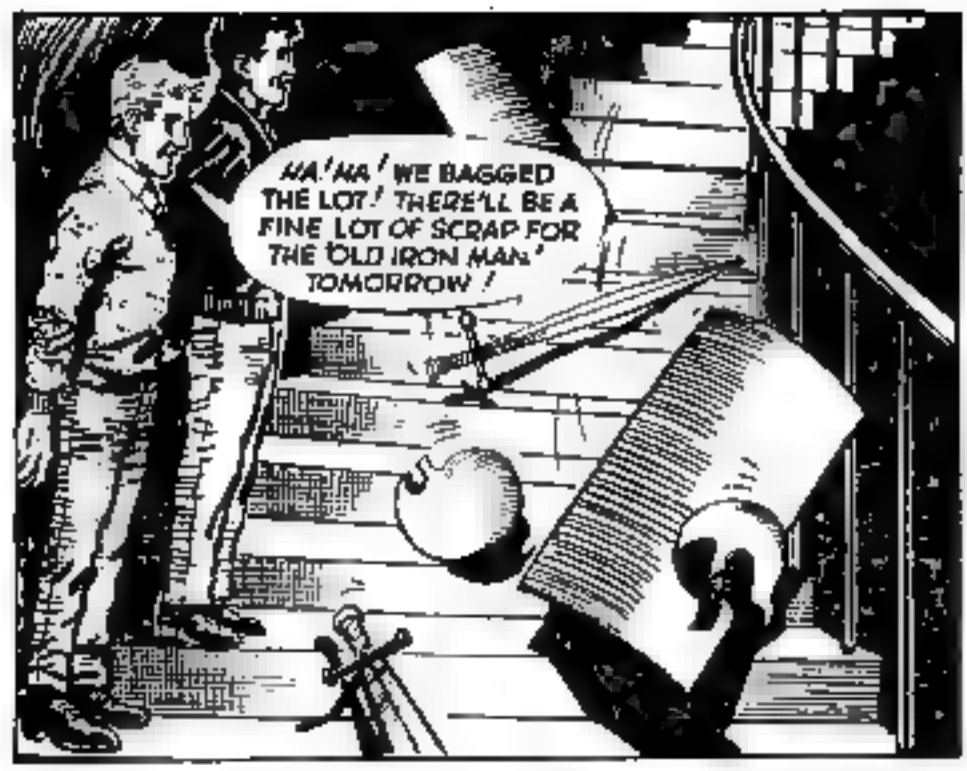
BUT BEFORE THE BLOW CAN FALL . . .
NAY, SIRE — HOLD! THAT OTHER LAD IS BRIAN .. WHO MAY HOLD THE SECRET OF THE TREASURE!
EH?! F'GOOTH — 'TIS TRUE!

AND IN THAT MOMENT OF JOUST'S DISTRACTION . .
YEEOW!
AAGH!
GOT HIM!
SWISH!

THE BRAIN, DUFFY! — IT'S TELLING US TO RUN FOR THAT DOOR!

AND THE BRAIN'S NEXT ORDER IS FOR BRIAN — TO WEDGE THE BROKEN LANCE ACROSS THE TOP OF THE STEEP, SPIRAL STAIRWAY.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE BRAIN IS UP TO, BUT I MUST DO WHAT IT SAYS!

OOH!
OOUF!


HA! HA! WE BAGGED THE LOT! THERE'LL BE A FINE LOT OF SCRAP FOR THE 'OLD IRON MAN' TOMORROW!

COME ON, DUFFY! WE'LL COLLECT THE BRAIN AND GET OUT OF THIS HOTEL — FAST!
UH-OH, BRIAN! — LOOK! — THAT SHADOW IN THE CORRIDOR!

INTO THIS CUPBOARD — QUICK!

BUT A LONG TIME PASSES BEFORE THE LADS CAN SAFELY EMERGE FROM HIDING AND COLLECT THE BRAIN!
WE SHOULD LEAVE THE HOTEL QUICKLY! IT WILL BE MORE DIFFICULT FOR JOUST'S MEN TO FOLLOW US IN THE OPEN — THEY WILL BE TOO CONSPICUOUS . . .
AND IT'S NIGHT NOW! YOU SAID YOU'D BE ABLE TO DETECT THE LOST TREASURE BETTER BY NIGHT, BRAIN!

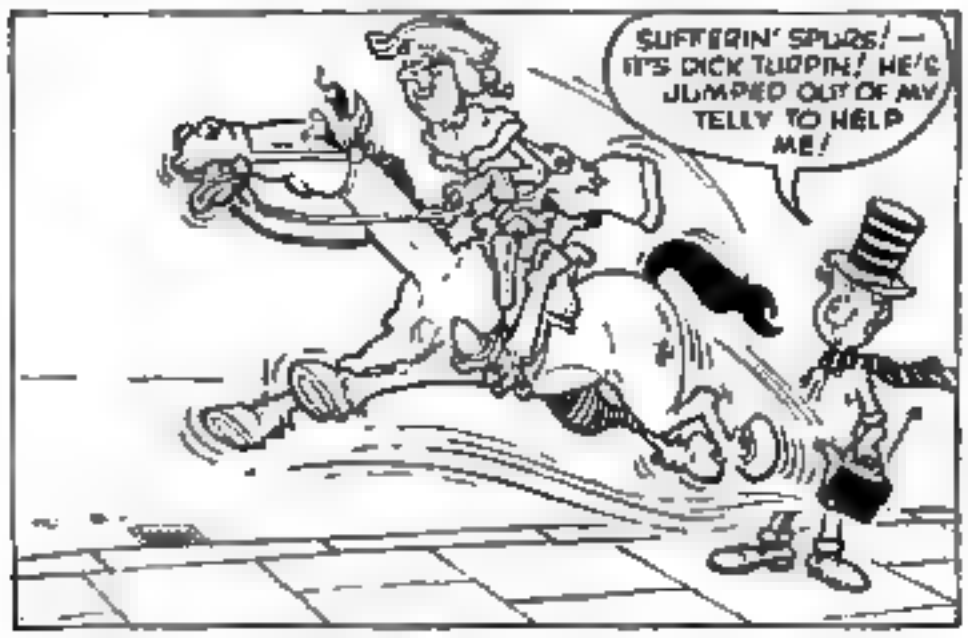
BUT OUTSIDE IT WAS BRIGHT AS DAY!
THERE'S A A- CARNIVAL!

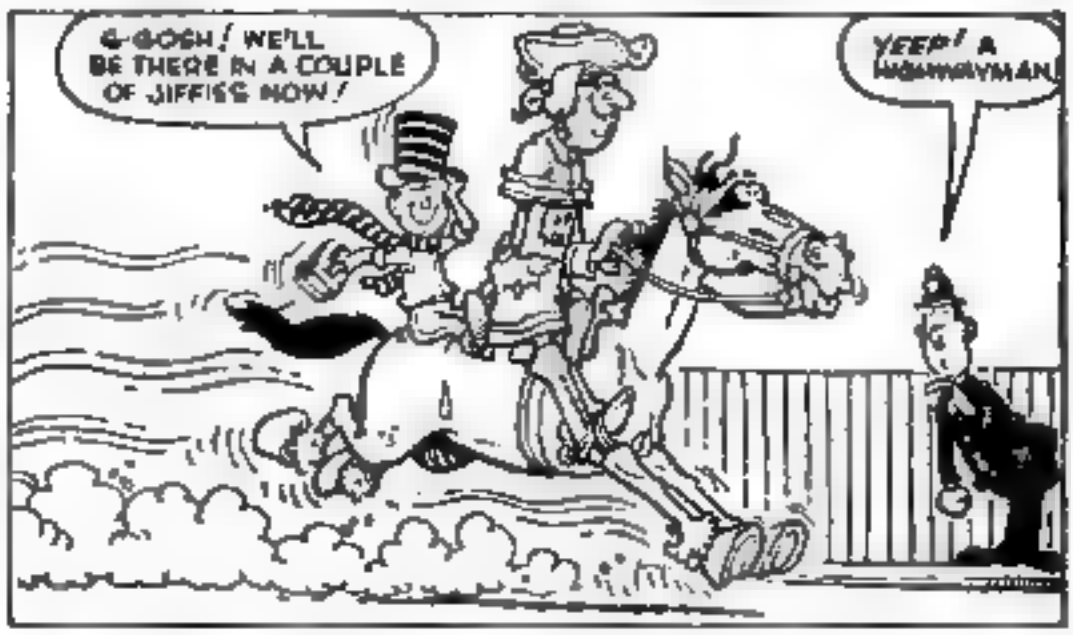
ARREST THOSE ILL CLAD YOUTHS! DRAG THEM TO MY DEEPEST DUNGEON!

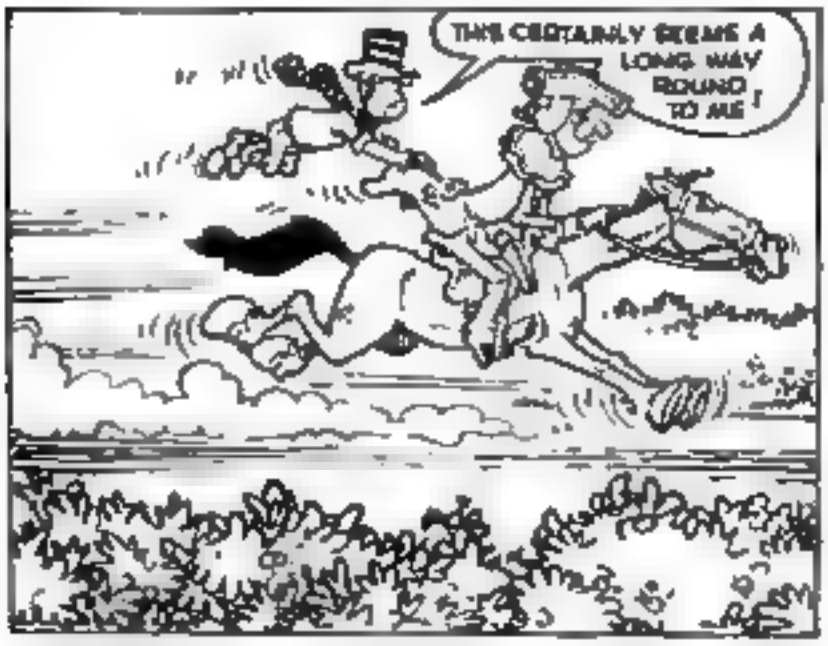
THE BOYS RUN FRANTICALLY — WHILE THE LAUGHING CROWD SEE THE CHASE AS PART OF THE CARNIVAL FUN!
HO! HO! THEY OUGHT TO BE PUT IN THE STOCKS FOR NOT JOINING IN THE CARNIVAL FUN AND DRESSING UP!
WHO SAID JOUST'S MEN WOULD BE TOO CONSPICUOUS TO CHASE US?
ANYONE CAN GUESS WRONG — EVEN THE BRAIN!
AND SO BEGINS A CHAOTIC CHASE THROUGH THE CLOWNING CROWDS — BUT IT'S DEADLY SERIOUS! DON'T MISS THE FRANTIC FOLLOW-UP — NEXT ISH!

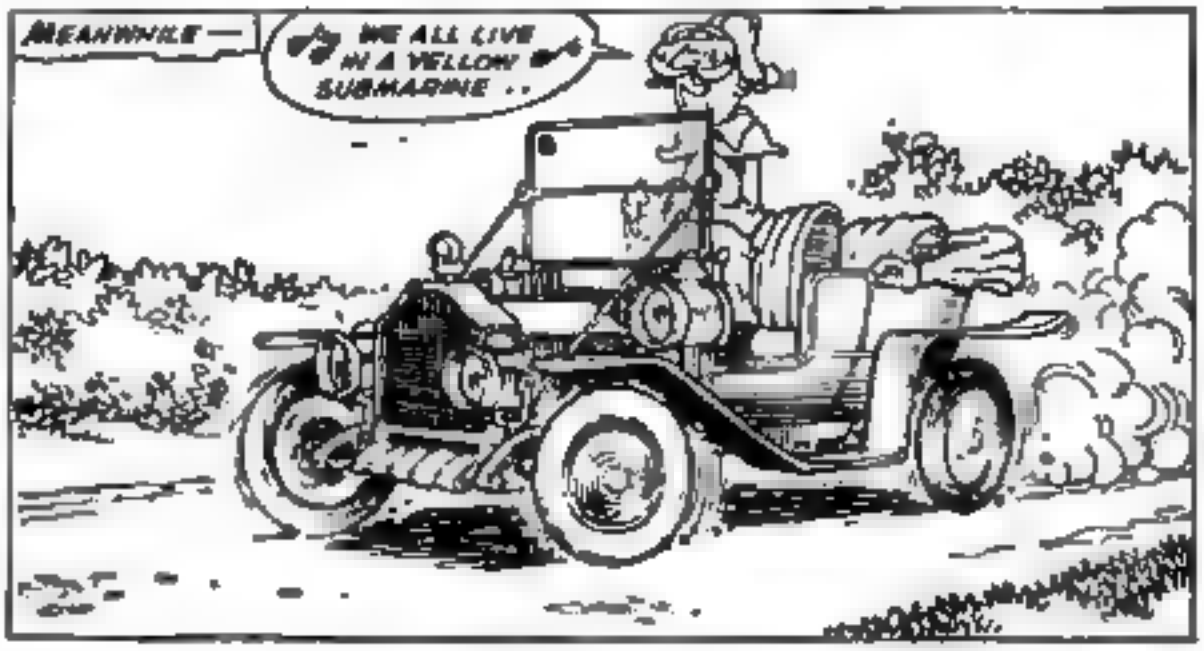
Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE









STAND AND DELIVER!
EEK! A HIGH-WAYMAN! I MUST BE DREAMING!
OH, NO, DICK! CUT IT OUT!

GADZOOKS! GUNSHOTS! IT'S THE BOW STREET RUNNERS! WE MUST BE OFF! —
BANG BANG

LONDON 57 M.
AAGH! STOP! WE'RE MILES AWAY FROM TOTTENHAM NOW!

SEE, LAD— THERE LIES OUR DESTINATION!
UH?— YOU GREAT GOOF! THAT'S NOT WHITE HART LANE!

VERILY, CHARLIE, YOU [redacted] MOST UNGRATEFUL! WE MADE EXCELLENT TIME!
EXCELLENT TIME?!? THE MATCH WILL HAVE FINISHED BY NOW!

OH, NO! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED! HE'S BROUGHT ME TO YORK!
OOPS!
YORK
WELCOMES CARE-FUL DRIVERS!

COR! I'M HAVING A RIGHT OFF DAY! FIRST I MISS THE KICK OFF! THEN I FALL OFF! AND I SWITCHED MY TELLY OFF SO THE CLOT DIDN'T SHRINK BACK TO TELLY SIZE!

LATER
NEVER MIND! I'VE GOT HIM BACK IN THE TELLY NOW— AND NOW TO GET HOME! PHEW!
STATION

HELP! I'VE MISSED THE LONDON TRAIN AND THERE ISN'T ANOTHER FOR HOURS!

NEVER FEAR, DICKIE BOYS HERE!

YOU! BACK IN THE TELLY YOU GO— AND YOU ARE NOT COMING OUT AGAIN!

PRAPS— WITH ANY LUCK— I'LL GET HOME IN TIME FOR NEXT WEEK'S MATCH! GULP!

SMASH - CHAT

WRITE TO:-
ALF AND COS,
SMASH,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C. 2.

MAKE YOUR POCKET-MONEY 'S-T-R-E-T-C-H' FURTHER!

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED—YOU WIN £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,
I enjoy Smash very much, with all its exciting stories. And by the way I just love the Swots and Blots. I am a girl, and boys I know say that Smash is for boys. So what? Girls are entitled just as much as boys to read it. I am the first girl to write as far as I have seen. I have been reading Smash for two years. I hope this letter will encourage more girls to read and write to Smash.

Yvonne Roulfignac,
Helston, Cornwall.

What d'you mean, Yvonne? FIRST girl!?! You're more like the ninety-first! 'Fact, we get nearly as many letters from girls as boys and very glad about it we are, too!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Here's a bit of nonsense.
There was a young man from Australia,
Who painted himself like a dahlia,
The colours were bright,
And the size was just right,
But the smell was a definite fahlia.

Graham Nunn,
East Finchley, N.2.

There was a young reader called Nunn,
Who thought writing to Smash might be fun.
He tried for a pound,
With a poem he'd found,
And here it is printed—he's WON!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos.
I have been trying to think up a really exciting letter to send to you for the last eight weeks, and if you don't publish this letter I will go absolutely mad. I have noticed hairs falling off my head already with despair. I am a very keen fisherman and I would like to see the Hulk have a go at some underwater monstrosity.
P.S. Don't forget I'm going mad.

Philip Anyon,
Wirral, Cheshire.

Join the Club, Phil—we're going MAD, too, trying to decide which letters to print from the mountains of post we receive! Maybe The Hulk will have a go at some underwater monstrosity—when he returns. *Alf and Cos.*

SMASH is your paper and we want to fill it with the features you like best. Help us to do this by filling in this coupon and enclosing it with your letter.

The feature I like best is: .....

The feature I dislike is: .....

To: Smash, 64 Long Acre, London W.C.2

ADVERTISEMENT

THE 'BIG TEN' ANNUALS

This Christmas are

Phantom Annual 10/6
Flash Gordon Annual 10/6
The Saint Annual 10/6
Bonanza Book 10/6
Tarzan Annual 10/6
All Stars Football Book 10/6
The Man from U.N.C.L.E. Annual 10/6
Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea 10/6
Space Family Robinson Annual 10/6

Marvel Storybook Annual 10/6
Featuring:-
Captain America
Spider-Man
Thor
The Hulk
Sub-Mariner
Iron-Man
Ant-Man
Doctor Strange
The Fantastic Four

EXCITEMENT! ADVENTURE!! FUN!!!
SUPERANNUALS FOR A SUPER CHRISTMAS
ORDER YOUR COPIES TODAY!

WORLD DISTRIBUTORS PUBLICATIONS

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

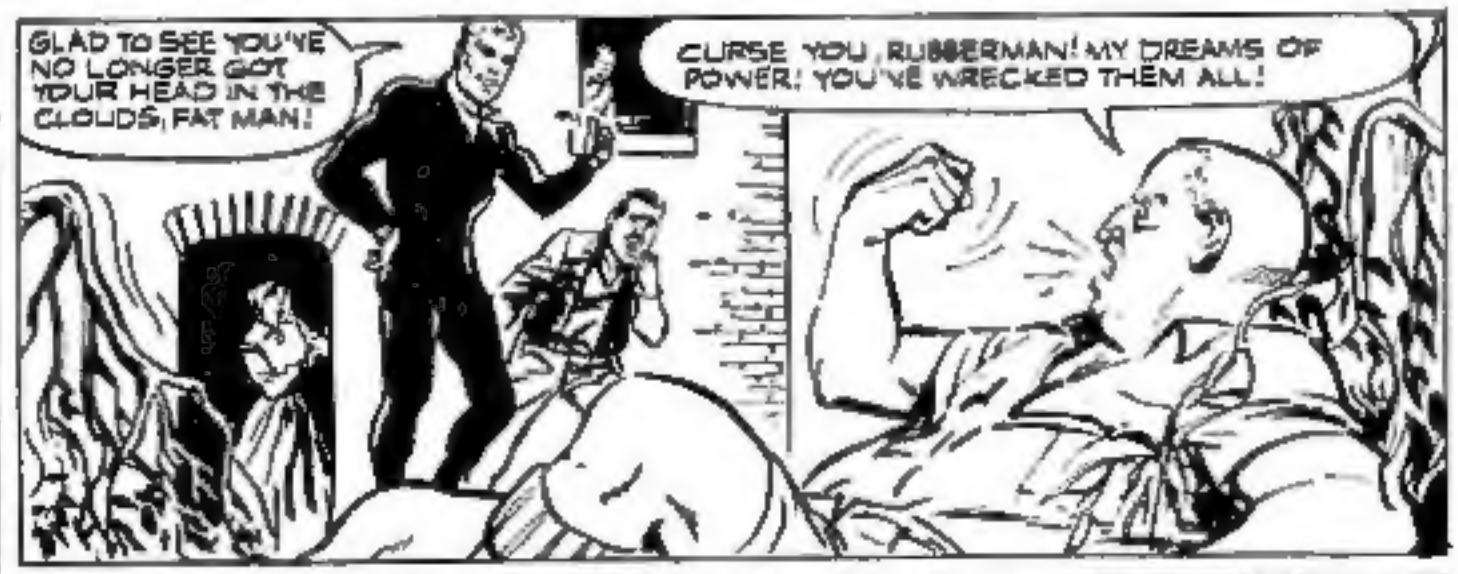
IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

IN SLUISHAVEN, HOLLAND, WHERE HE HAS GONE TO TRACK DOWN THE FAKIR WHOSE CURSE TURNED HIS BODY TO RUBBER, **RUBBERMAN** BECOMES INVOLVED WITH THE NIGHTMARE, FAST-GROWING TREES DEVELOPED BY THE PLANTER. RUBBERMAN TRIES TO REACH THE SPRAY-GUNS, BUT HE IS PINNED DOWN BY A BRANCH—AND THEN...

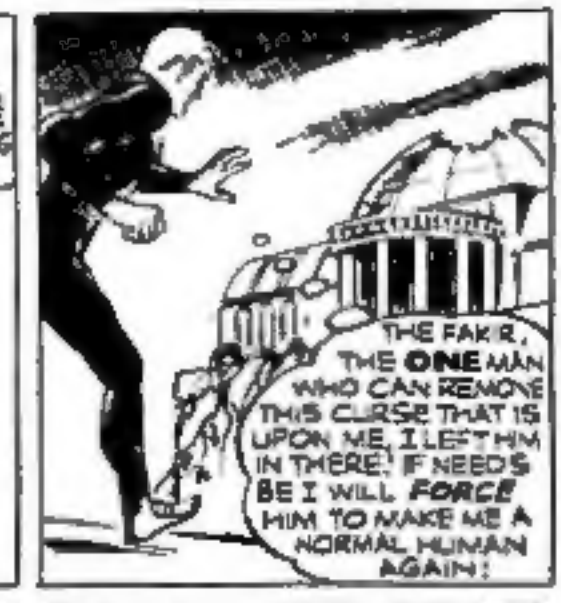
LOOK! THE TREES ARE DYING!
IT'S THAT STUFF RUBBERMAN IS SPRAYING THEM WITH!
GOSH! THIS IS SOMETHING I'LL NEVER FORGET! I WAS SAVED BY RUBBERMAN!

I'M WINNING! KILLING THEM FASTER THAN THEY GROW!

BY A STRANGE TWIST OF FATE, THE PLANTER HAD ALSO BEEN TRAPPED IN THE AIR BY THE TREES OF HIS OWN MAKING...
AAHHHH!


GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE NO LONGER GOT YOUR HEAD IN THE CLOUDS, FAT MAN!
CURSE YOU, RUBBERMAN! MY DREAMS OF POWER! YOU'VE WRECKED THEM ALL!

RUBBERMAN EXPLAINS TO THE POLICE...
THIS MAN WILL PAY FOR WHAT HE HAS DONE... IN JAIL!
THE CITY OF SLUISHAVEN WILL ALWAYS BE IN YOUR DEBT. YOU MUST ALLOW US THE OPPORTUNITY OF THANKING YOU... OFFICIALLY!
PERHAPS! BUT NOW I MUST HURRY! THERE IS SOMEBODY I MUST FIND!

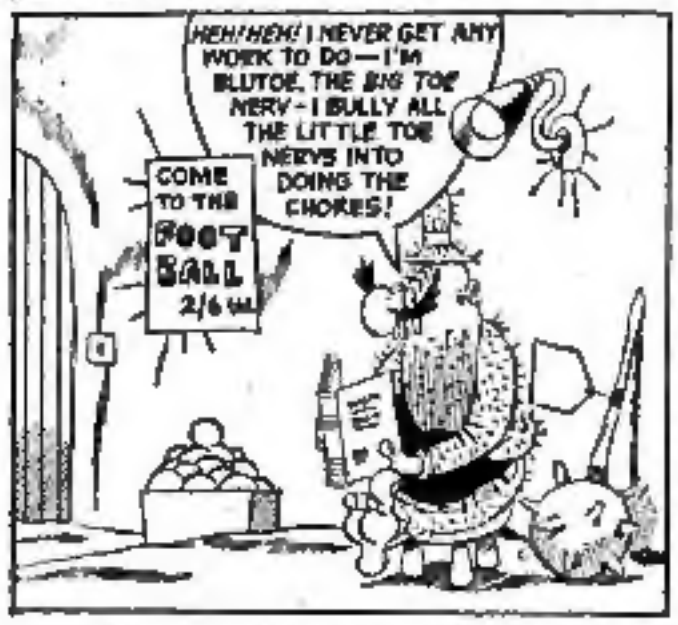

THE FAKIR, THE ONE MAN WHO CAN REMOVE THIS CURSE THAT IS UPON ME. I LEFT HIM IN THERE! IF NEEDS BE I WILL FORCE HIM TO MAKE ME A NORMAL HUMAN AGAIN!

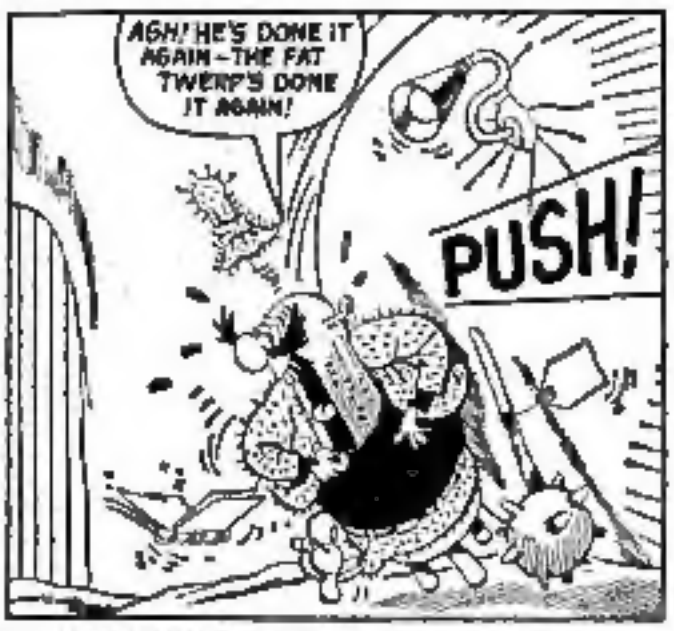
BUT...
HEY THERE! NOT LOOKING FOR THE INDIAN FELLOW ARE YOU? THE SAME ONE YOU WERE ASKING ABOUT BEFORE, I MEAN...
TAXI
...BECAUSE IF YOU ARE, HE'S NOT IN THERE!

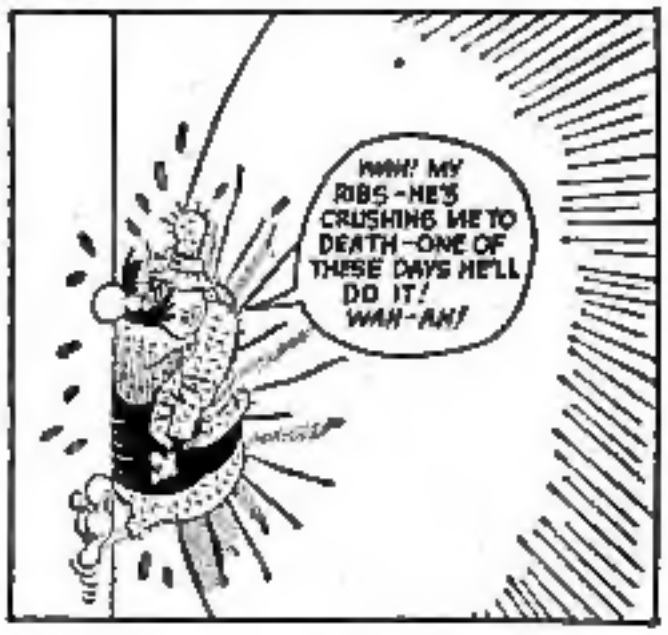
...I JUST CAME BACK FROM THE AIRPORT! I TOOK HIM THERE! AND HE WAS LUCKY, THERE WAS A CANCELLED RESERVATION GONE! HE'S ON HIS WAY BY NOW...

AS THE TAXI HEADS RUBBERMAN BACK TO THE SLUISHAVEN AIRPORT...
SO NEAR! I ALMOST HAD HIM! BUT NOW HE'S GONE AGAIN!
...BUT WHEREVER HE'S GONE I MUST FOLLOW...WHEREVER THAT MIGHT BE!
AND SO OUR SAGA ENDS—BUT WILL RUBBERMAN'S SEARCH FOR THE FAKIR NEVER END? IT BEGINS AGAIN IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASH!

THE NERVS

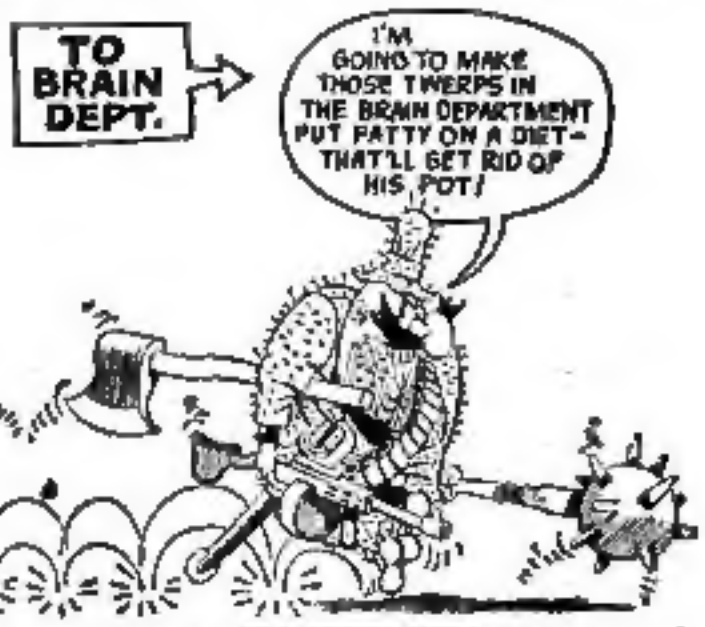

HEH! HEH! I NEVER GET ANY WORK TO DO—I'M BLUTOE, THE BIG TOE NERV—I BULLY ALL THE LITTLE TOE NERVS INTO DOING THE CHORES!
COME TO THE FOOT BALL 2/6 ML

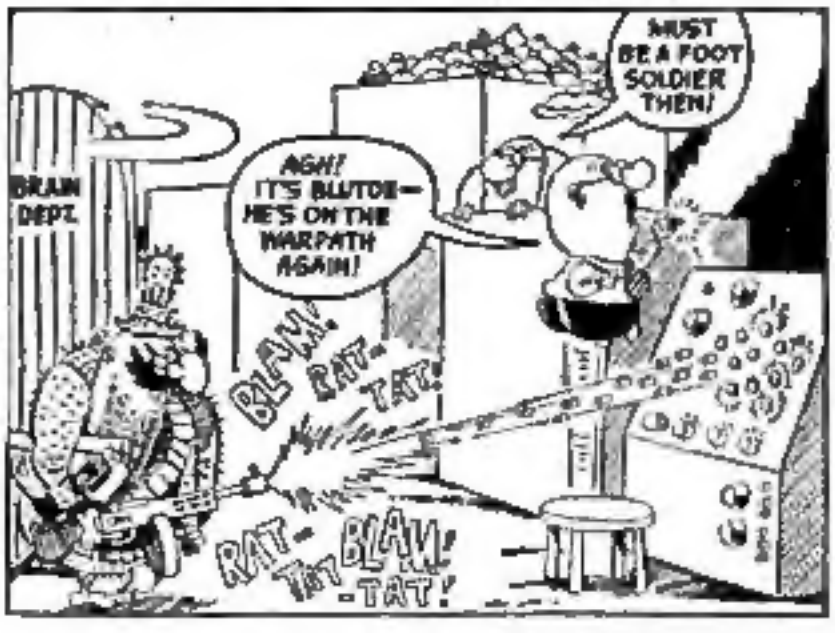

AGH! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN—THE FAT TWERP'S DONE IT AGAIN!
PUSH!


WAH! MY RIBS—HE'S CRUSHING ME TO DEATH—ONE OF THESE DAYS HE'LL DO IT! WAH-AH!

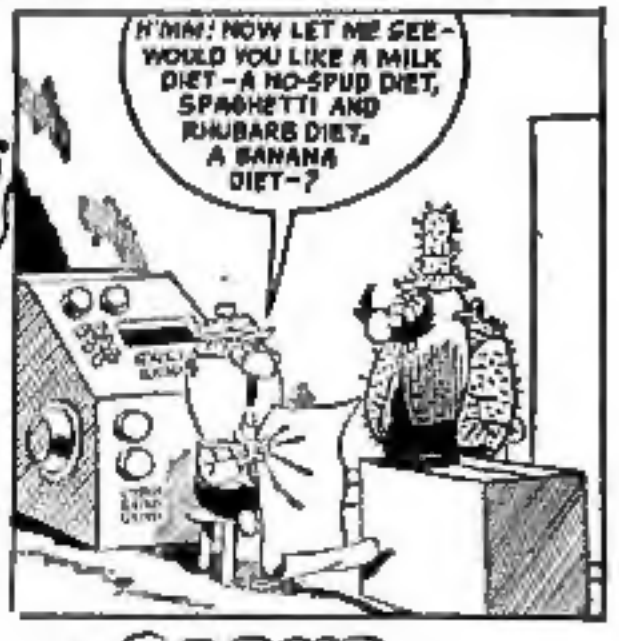
AGH! MY BIG TOE—I'VE STUBBED IT AGAIN! WAH-AH!
NO WONDER! YOU CAN'T SEE YOUR FEET FOR THAT FODGY PAUNCH OF YOURS!

GRR! MUM'S RIGHT—IT'S THAT FAT, FLABBY TUM THAT CAUSES ALL THE TROUBLE! IT WILL HAVE TO GO—I'M LIABLE TO GET KILLED ONE OF THESE DAYS!


TO BRAIN DEPT.
I'M GOING TO MAKE THOSE TWERPS IN THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT PUT FATTY ON A DIET—THAT'LL GET RID OF HIS POT!


BRAIN DEPT.
AGH! IT'S BLUTOE—HE'S ON THE WARPATH AGAIN!
MUST BE A FOOT SOLDIER THEN!
BLAW! RAT-TAT!
RAT-TAT BLAW! -TAT!

RIGHT THEN—I WANT YOU TO PUT FATTY ON A DIET TO MAKE HIM AS THIN AS A RAKE OR I'LL BASH YOUR BLINKING BONCE!
BOUNCE!
Y-YES, BLUTOE—ANYTHING YOU SAY, BLUTOE!


H'MM! NOW LET ME SEE—WOULD YOU LIKE A MILK DIET—A NO-SPUD DIET, SPAGHETTI AND RHUBARB DIET, A BANANA DIET—?

I RECKON A BANANA DIET WOULD BE BEST, DON'T YOU? IF THAT FAT TWERP SLIPS ON A SKIN HE'LL LAND ON HIS FAT HEAD NOT HIS FAT TOE!

...GO ON A... BANANA ... DIET ...YOU... ...FAT...TWIT...
HEH! HEH! NO MORE CRUSHING FOR ME!
I HATE BEING BULLIED—BUT I'D RATHER BE BULLIED THAN BATTERED!

GO ON A BANANA DIET, YOU FAT TWIT!
GOSH! THAT'S A GOOD IDEA THAT'S JUST COME TO ME! I'LL DO IT!

JUST THINK OF IT - IN A FEWS DAYS I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE ME TOES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS!

SHRINK

AND DOWN IN FATTY'S TUM...

COR! WHITE SAUSAGES!

WHITE SAUSAGES, MY FOOT - THEY'RE BANANAS, YOU TWERP!

OH, WELL! IT'S A CHANGE FROM MINCE AND CUSTARD!

AND HERE'S WHY BANANAS DON'T MAKE FATTY PUT ON WEIGHT!

THAT'S IT, LADS - GET A GOOD LOAD OF BANANA PASTE MADE UP!

SQUASH!

HUH! AND I THOUGHT WE WERE MAKING BANANA WINE!

NOTHING LIKE BANANA PASTE FOR SHRINKING STOMACH WALLS - IT PULLS IN ALL THE LOOSE SKIN!

SLOP!

SLAP!

TASTES GOOD TOO!

THAT PAUNCH WILL BE GONE IN NO TIME AT ALL - NO MORE STUBBED TOES FOR FATTY AND CRUSHINGS FOR ME!

THAT LOT DIDN'T LAST LONG, DID IT? I'LL SEE IF MUM'S BACK WITH THE REST YET!

AYEEEE!

AT LEAST I DIDN'T STUB MY TOE!

MORE BANANAS COMING UP!

THUD!

AGH! MY TOE! MY BIG TOE! WAAH!

COO! WHAT'S HE DOING THERE?

WAA-AH! HE'S STUBBED HIS TOE AGAIN! HE CAN'T HAVE!

BUT HE DID! I GIVE UP!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

COO! IT'S LITTLE LORD FONTLEROY'S TWENTY FIRST BIRTHDAY TODAY! THAT'S FIENDISHLY INTERESTING!

WHO'S WHO!

WE'LL BE GETTING PRESENTED WITH GOLD WATCHES AND DIAMOND TIE-PINS AND THINGS AT HIS BIRTHDAY PARTY—ALL THERE FOR THE **TAKING!** HEH! HEH!

HIGH CLASS BAKERY

COME ON, LADS! WE'LL SWITCH BIRTHDAY CAKES!

THIS ONE'S GOT **DYNAMITE** INSTEAD OF CANDLES! GASP! GASP!

THERE—THAT'S THE LORD'S BIRTHDAY CAKE FINISHED!

THERE IT IS!

OOH! BEAUTIFUL!

THIS IS WHERE WE DO A BIT OF ICING OURSELVES! SNIGGER!

HEH! HEH! CAKE-ICING FOR THEIR CAKE-HOLES!

AAGH! GLUGG!

OOH! YOU **ARE** CLEVER!

WHEN LITTLE LORD FONTLEROY LIGHTS THE CANDLES—THE CAKE WILL BLOW UP AND WE'LL SNITCH ALL HIS BIRTHDAY GIFTS!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!

THE DEAR LITTLE LORD'S CAKE, MISTER JAMES—I HOPE IT PLEASES HIM!

IT LOOKS SPLENDID! HE'LL BE CARRIED AWAY!

NOT HALF AS WELL!

HEH! HEH! HE'S TWENTY-ONE AT THREE-FIFTEEN EXACTLY—THEY LIGHT THE CANDLES, THEN **BOOM!** WE'LL GO IN AT THREE TWENTY AND CLEAN UP—WHAT A PLAN!

YAHOO! IT'S THREE SEVENTEEN, LET'S GO, LADS!

ANY MINUTE NOW, READER...

SSSUCK

OH, WELL DONE, LAD! ALL OUT IN ONE JOLLY OLD BLOW!

SPLENDID, OLD BOY! SPLENDID!

BLAST

AAGH! THEY HAVEN'T EXPLODED! THEY'RE OUT! WHAT WENT WRONG?

BOO HOO! FOILED AGAIN! I FORGOT FOLKS BLOW OUT THE CANDLES ON THEIR BIRTHDAY CAKES! SOB! SOB!

BIG TWIT!